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INSPECTING A BIG GUN: "THE SIMPLEST THING ON EARTH!"



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The Revolt of the Daughters has evoked a Revolt of the Fathers, or, at least, of one father, who signs himself "A Distressed Papa," in the *Daily News*. What I want to hear is what the mothers have got to say about it, but this desire will probably remain ungratified. They have not the pluck, poor souls, to revolt, or even to state their grievances. They are all day long in the presence of the rebels—much younger and stronger than themselves—and subject to their sway. They have been sniffed at so long that they are snuffed out. It is significant that the "Distressed Papa" has not a word to say for his wife. As an ally she is useless to him, though perhaps if he had offered her his assistance earlier, it might have been otherwise: they might have entered into a treaty of mutual defence. But he deserted her, and fled to his smoking-room, and left her and the girls to fight it out between them. He knows how the fight has gone, and is angry with her for having been beaten—though with such odds against her it was a foregone conclusion—and very much more angry because the victors are beginning to worry him. He discovers that one of his daughters is too clever by half, and gains money prizes (eighteenpence at one go) from a Half-Hour Study Society; and that another is much too good, and constructs for herself a lofty moral position out of home-made garments for the poor. He does not appear to suffer from the latch-key kind of daughter, but complains bitterly of the superiority which learning and goodness cause his girls to assume over him. It annoys him to see them drinking tea and eating pickles, and pretending not to care about their food; but there is not a word about his wife, who has to keep company with them always, and not only at meal times. Let us hope that the "Distressed Papa" is a widower.

If Mr. Labouchere's Parliamentary victory had had the effect which some people expected, and the Ministry had gone out, it would probably have been the shortest-lived of all Cabinets. But there have been Ministers who have tasted the bliss of office for even a still shorter time. During the great French Revolution, just after the Girondins were destroyed, the Committee of Public Safety wanted on a sudden a Minister of Foreign Affairs. Citizen Alexandre, an Exchange porter, was promptly named for the vacancy by Robespierre, and the appointment was instantly gazetted in the *Moniteur*. But even to the Convention this seemed playing a little too low down, and, notwithstanding the presence of the Incorruptible, it carried an amendment within five minutes that the appointment should be suspended, and a list made out of persons suitable for the office. This cut short Citizen Alexandre's diplomatic career. The sort of "brief authority" which would suit my book is just such a glorious hour, or even five minutes, of great political distinction, with a pension for life to follow.

Among the amazing cases brought under consideration of a London magistrate, the recent one of the lady haunted by a voice seems to bear the bell. She knew the voice, but not the name and address of its proprietor, and she did not know him. It was a most importunate voice, and always suggested that she should do something wrong. "But you must really wait till you see him," said his Worship, "before you can give him into custody." "Well, if I can't get protection I will annoy him as he annoys me," said the applicant. "The very best thing you can do," replied the magistrate suavely. One cannot but suspect that, like the unjust judge in another place, he was a little wearied of her importunity. His recommendation appears to be almost flippant. There is a record of a somewhat similar case in fiction. When Mr. Pecksniff made love to Miss Todgers he assured her that it was not his voice that pleaded with her, but another's—that of his deceased wife; but this is a device very common with widowers when addressing young persons who have been acquainted with their wives. Besides, Mr. Pecksniff was present, though his voice was absent, which is exactly the reverse of the present case. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the magistrate has not made a stupendous error in so abruptly dismissing the matter; it may have had a profoundly deep metaphysical or psychological meaning. There has always been a doubt whether there is not something equivalent to the voice of conscience, but retained, as it were, for the other side, to which we are much more prone to listen. Perhaps this good lady may have discovered it: if so, its disinclination to give its address is only too intelligible.

I have more than once exposed the injustice to which authors are exposed, in connection with book titles, through the misconduct of the authorities at Stationers' Hall: they will persist in cataloguing their volumes by the writer's name, and not by the name of his book, so that it is impossible to discover whether a title has been registered or not. The "enterprising publisher," who has never published a good book, may nevertheless have published a book with a good title: the book may have fallen stillborn from the press, and another author who has never heard of it may hit upon the same title for his book. Then comes the enterprising publisher's opportunity. He threatens an injunction

against the innocent appropriator of his "copyright" in the title, and the wretched author has to pay forfeit, though any confusion of his living work with the dead one must be to the latter's advantage. According to a letter from an authoress in the *Globe* a new development in this copyright in titles has taken place. She complains that the name of one of her books—a successful one, about which nobody could pretend not to have heard—has been "conveyed" by a new writer. On being remonstrated with, he admits that he has taken it, but that he has obtained the right to do so by purchase. The publisher who bought the copyright of her book bought that of its title also, and has sold the latter separately; so that supposing, for example, the author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" had sold the copyright of that book, the purchaser could sell to any writer the right to publish a work of the same name, even if there was no mention of a Sherlock Holmes or his adventures in the volume. The authoress, of course, may not have informed the *Globe* correctly—it is only an *ex parte* statement—but if she is to be believed, a more high-handed outrage under cover of the law has never been committed.

The denunciation of the House of Lords in Hyde Park has been followed with significant rapidity by that of the House of Commons. One of the speakers is even reported to have said that "before trades unionists started fighting the House of Lords he thought they should clear the House of Commons out." His motto was "Thorough," though his arms were a napkin *couchant*, for, like the rest of the demonstrators, he was a waiter. The "living wage" of trades-union waiters is, it seems, five shillings an evening, and does not appear bad pay. Thirty shillings a week, and all the day to oneself, is really not a bad "screw" in these hard times, and I have known many literary persons who, if they had possessed an evening suit, would have been glad to belong to the Guild. However, the House of Commons only gives three-and-sixpence, though the pay has hitherto been supplemented by tips. A Radical member, it seems, has made some remarks against the tipping system, and hence the demonstration. The matter is not quite so simple as it looks, since, from a democratic point of view, the tip system might be objected to upon the ground of its placing its recipient under a personal obligation to the donor, who presumably belongs to "the classes." It is conceivable that a highly principled individual would prefer to have five shillings as a right to six shillings as a gratuity, but this theory remained unventilated at the meeting. For my part I should much prefer the higher tariff, which at the same time would make me feel (literally) more in touch with my more fortunate fellow-creatures. I do not think any gift, however munificent, would arouse in me the sense of insult.

Considering how greatly we are indebted to our waiters for our comfort, and with what willingness and civility, as a general rule, they behave, it would be ingratitude indeed to be grudging to them. When we go to countries where there are none except black ones, we feel that we could have rather dispensed with almost any other class of the community; for black men have not the special intelligence necessary for this employment. A friend of mine, staying at a great hotel in the United States, thought that he would give himself the treat of a good bottle of claret, and begged the waiter to reserve one for him for the table d'hôte. On returning from a long walk, he said, "You have got that claret all right?" "Yess, Sar," replied the darkie, beaming; "it have been in ice these three hours." "This may be a man and a brother," was my friend's reflection, "but he is not a waiter." Waiters are born, not made—or at least not made in a week, as he who stays at inns at Eastertide has cause to know. Such stop-gaps have been well described as "not only waiters themselves, but the cause of waiting in other people."

As to tips to hotel-waiters, no one who has any notion of comfort can dispense with them. The first thing to be done on arrival is to make the waiter your friend, and after he has shown you to have been successful in so doing by his conduct, it would be monstrous indeed if on going away you did not "remember" him. One likes to be remembered oneself in a genial spirit, and—to put the matter on its lowest ground—one may go to that hotel again. The House of Commons waiter is, no doubt, on a different footing. It may not be, as it used to be, "the best club in the world," but it is still, in one sense, a club, and the tipping of club waiters has to be discouraged. If it were permitted, the liberal soul would be made fat (if personal attendance can produce obesity) and those who look twice at their shillings, if not sent empty away, would probably have to wait on themselves for what they wanted; but this also was a point that was not ventilated at the demonstration. There was a remark made by one of the speakers which, if it does not command one's moral approbation, evokes one's sympathy. He observed that "the good old-fashioned sort, who did not expect to be served for threepence," are dying out. I can quite believe it, and also agree with him that it is bad news. While more and more is given for articles of luxury that can benefit only a few people, acts of civility and kindness within the reach of all (and especially of our waiters) are less and less considered and remunerated.

Fastidious folks, among whom one is sorry to read was the poet Wordsworth, dislike "trippers," as those pleasure-seekers are called who have but few holidays and very little money to spend on them. There are degrees of course, as in the case of the lady who, "to make a wash (not for her household but for her complexion), would hardly stew a child." Few of us, let us hope, hate the profane vulgar with the energy of that famous dandy who, sitting in the bow window at White's on a wet Easter Monday, thanked Heaven that the d—d people could not enjoy themselves; but there are some who still share his views. By these gentry the institution of Bank holidays is especially detested, as interfering with their own more cultured pleasures. I am afraid, indeed, there are a good many of us whose delicate nerves are shocked by the loud laughter and tumultuous mirth of that very large proportion of our fellow-countrymen who do not take their pleasures sadly. At the seaside particularly it is the habit of superior persons to denounce the barbarians who for one day only "over-run the whole place," and keep them within doors. And yet, if one wants a new pleasure I know of few more complete ones—under certain circumstances—than that of seeing a few thousands of one's fellow-creatures having a happy day on the sands or the cliffs or in the beautiful lanes of some marine paradise. It is only necessary that you should have been deadly ill, and be going out for your first drive in the spring sunshine. "All things that love the sun are out of doors," and you, who never thought to see it again, are especially glad to be there; but what seems better and brighter than the sun is the unrestrained enjoyment of the holiday-makers, so full of youth and strength and vigour, who seem to reintroduce you at once to life itself, to gather up the threads of connection with it, which would otherwise have taken a long time, and to convince you in a moment that the world is not (as you have been imagining) a sick-room with a single person in it. I am bound to say there were no hurdy-gurdies—a hurdy-gurdy would, I feel, in my case, for the first time have performed a requiem—but their absence being granted, I do most honestly recommend a slice (the middle cut for choice) of a Bank holiday at the seaside as an excellent tonic for an invalid.

The poets talk of the harbingers of spring, and credit this or that feathered songster with being the first to give us tidings of it. Unhappily, these birds are not to be trusted. One swallow does not make a summer, and the vaticinations of the bluebird prophesying spring are often deplorably mistaken. Now, there is one sound, hitherto neglected by naturalists, that can be thoroughly relied on as an intimation that winter's reign is over and the summer season has begun. I hear it as I write these words, filling the woodlands and attracting to the seashore whence it comes hundreds of hurrying feet. No poet has sung its praises, no musician has ever ventured to imitate its "shrill delight"—

Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was

Joyous, and clear, and fresh, its music doth surpass,  
so far at least as volume goes. However deaf to Nature's invitations, man cannot shut his ears to it (though he puts his fingers into them) nor woman either, and none can doubt its welcome tidings. It comes up from our little pier, and is, in fact, the whistle of the first excursion steamer of the year. We shall hear it to the end of October.

The writing a novel without a story in it used not so long ago to be likened to making bricks without straw, but of late years, chiefly by Transatlantic writers, the feat has been accomplished, though whether successfully or not is a matter of opinion. In these novels, however, there are incidents, though of a commonplace type, and dialogue is at least varied by description. In "The Common Ancestor" there is almost no incident at all—save that which the least experienced of readers has foreseen from the beginning—and only a halfpennyworth of description to what one of its chief personages would have described as "lashings" of dialogue, and yet it is an interesting novel. Its *dramatis personæ* (if one can call them so where there is no drama) not only talk well, but characteristically; and if Mr. Scheiner reminds one of Count Fosco, and Mr. Cunningham has a strong resemblance to Warrington, one is glad to meet with such old friends in such good company. The scheme with which the story starts, of a non-commissioned officer, and his sister, a trier-on at a mantle-shop, coming into a large fortune, is quite original, and it is possible that the ease with which they slide into their new position may be thought more unprecedented still. Anyhow, they are very nice, and one feels obliged to the author for their introduction to us. There is a young person, too, Miss Jane Smalley, who thinks herself grown up, and is very much more amusing than most young persons who are so; and another young person, Mrs. Denison, who behaves as if she had not grown up, though she is quite old enough to know better. But the book is a wholesome book all through, simple as a child's puzzle, and full of gaiety and high spirits.



## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

The House is never so portentous as when it is solemnly discussing itself. Now and then a discerning man like Sir Albert Rollit says to his fellow-members, "Don't you think we had better transform ourselves into a business-like assembly? It would not be a bad idea to get rid of some of our time-honoured mummeries, to show people outside that we are not entirely devoted to merely useless forms, and that we are really anxious to dispatch the national affairs with reasonable expedition." So Sir Albert proposes a Select Committee to inquire whether it would be advisable, for example, to have a time-limit for every stage of a Bill, fixed by a responsible authority. At present there are four stages: first and second reading, report, and third reading. Why not decide beforehand how much time shall be spent instead of leaving it to chance, to caprice, to party manœuvring, to personal vanity? The Speaker might be made a member of a Standing Committee of Procedure, and against his advice it is pretty certain that nothing would be done. He would say with absolute impartiality how many hours or days would be sufficient for the disposal of even the most contentious Bill. But to many members the bare idea of such a thing is revolutionary. Lord Randolph, who had several passages of arms with Sir Albert Rollit, declared that the existing rules of procedure were almost ideal. He went into historical reminiscences about the closure, omitting to remark that whereas the closure is always used sparingly and with not a little uneasiness, an automatic time-limit could not excite any apprehension or any hostility. If the House knew that the Committee stage of a Bill must come to an end on a certain day it would discuss the details of that Bill in a practical fashion, instead of consuming precious hours in dogged repetition and irresponsible irrelevance.

Now, in this very debate on procedure the absence of Mr. Gladstone was most acutely felt. The subject is one on which he could speak with unexampled authority. The greatest living champion of Parliamentary tradition, he is by no means blind to the necessity of reform. He would have given the debate a luminous direction, for lack of which it soon lapsed into aimless and dispirited tedium. The Treasury Bench made no sign. Sir William Harcourt listened awhile to Lord Randolph, and then went out, as if the spectacle was insupportable. Mr. Chamberlain listened with a well-simulated air of interest till he could stand it no longer, and hurriedly withdrew, gathering up young Austen Chamberlain from a bench below the Opposition gangway, as who should say, "My son, this is no place for you." Mr. Courtney struggled vainly under the dead weight of indifference, and at last the moment came. Mr. Gibson Bowles discovered that his unequalled Parliamentary experience demanded a voice. He explained how sad and mad and bad it would be to reform anything. The practice which compels a member who has introduced a Bill to bring it up from the bar, when leave is given to introduce it, was especially dear to Mr. Bowles. He could not live without the spectacle of a legislator gravely trotting down the floor as far as the Serjeant-at-Arms, and gravely trotting back again to deposit the precious document on the table. There is absolutely no sense in this performance or in the first reading of a Bill. Usages of this kind serve no rational purpose whatever; but they still appeal to the sentimental bosom of Mr. Bowles, and he evidently thinks their taking off would be worse than parricide. Perhaps this view reduced the House to speechless horror; at any rate, when Mr. Bowles had done harrowing the feelings of about twenty members, nobody offered to continue the discussion, and the Speaker put the question. A division was taken without one word of explanation from the Government; but the House was too depressed to take note of this singular omission, especially as the question of Scotch Home Rule descended remorselessly like a black pall.

We have had a truly awful week with Scotland. Sir William Harcourt has tried to keep up his spirits by humming, "O where, and O where is my Highland laddie gone?" and I have not been able to get anything out of the Serjeant-at-Arms except, "Aweel, aweel, dinna be fashed the noo!" Sir George Trevelyan proposed to set up a Standing Committee, consisting of all the Scotch members "and fifteen others," to consider exclusively Scotch Bills. Mr. Balfour opposed this on the ground that it was a derangement of the Constitution, and that any change of the kind ought to be applicable to the three kingdoms and not simply to one of them. He pointed out that an English Standing Committee would have to consist of a majority of Unionists if it faithfully reflected English opinion; and what, in that case, would become of the Government measures? Mr. Herbert Paul strove to stem the force of this reasoning by speaking as an English member for a Scotch constituency, and then the Scotchmen fell upon their hapless auditors with crushing effect. Personally, I am willing to agree to anything provided that it will ensure the departure of Scotch affairs from the House of Commons. They might even go to an accompaniment of bagpipes, abhorrent as the strains are to my ear. What with the Scotch Standing Committee and Mr. Dalziel's motion for Scotch Home Rule, I feel quite "fey." I have seen the wraith of the Serjeant and my own "double." If it is possible to be more helplessly Scotch than this, I cannot imagine it.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE LATE LORD HANNEN.

The death, on March 29, of this upright and efficient judge, who a few months ago was compelled by failing health to resign his office as a Lord of Appeal, demands public testimony to the value of his services and to his exemplary judicial demeanour. Many of the legal profession who were far more brilliant advocates at the Bar have been much less satisfactory on the Bench for want of those qualities of character, self-control, patience and temper, severe impartiality, and perfect correctness of expression, which dignified him more truly than the most signal demonstration of intellectual superiority could have done. This was especially manifested in his Presidency of the Court of Divorce and Matrimonial Causes, from 1872, and of the Probate and Admiralty Courts, from 1875, as the successor of Sir Creswell Creswell and Sir James Wilde. The grave tranquillity of Sir James Hannen's speech and manner, with his abstinence from any word or gesture that could be felt as personally slighting, was apt to assure even the defeated suitors, men or women, of the equity of his judgments. Yet he was a strong and decided judge, who could never be puzzled or easily led to change an opinion completely formed in his own mind; his ability was of that solid kind which is above the temptation to show cleverness, though he strictly guarded the rules of practice in his court. He was born in 1821, son of a London merchant,



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

THE LATE LORD HANNEN.

was educated at St. Paul's School and at Heidelberg University, was called at the Middle Temple in 1848, practised on the Home Circuit and at Guildhall, held briefs under the Attorney-General, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, became junior counsel of the Treasury, and in 1868 a Judge of the Court of the Queen's Bench. His Presidency of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice has been mentioned. In January 1891 he was created a life peer to judge appeals in the House of Lords. Two special public services remain to be acknowledged—namely, that he was the presiding judge in the Commission of inquiry concerning the serious charges against the late Mr. C. S. Parnell, M.P., and other Irish Nationalist members of the House of Commons; and he was one of the British members of the arbitration court of inquiry at Paris upon the dispute with America concerning the seal-hunting claims in the Behring Sea.

## A LADY'S VISIT TO A BATTLE-SHIP.

It may well be imagined that this lady's first opportunity of inspecting a modern war-ship was a novel and interesting experience to her. Great indeed must be the wonder at such complex mechanism and powerful armament after a survey of one of these ironclads. The visitor's first lesson was to climb inside the "barbette"—a feat easier to describe than for a lady to accomplish, being more adapted to men. She was next taken into a "battery," where she peeped through the breach of a six-inch gun, and pitied an imaginary enemy within range. The nicety of the loading and the accuracy of aim to be arrived at were explained to her. Then followed a promenade of all the decks, a visit to the mighty engines, and a look down at the great boilers. This brought the fair visitor at last to that most gentle and agreeable institution, "afternoon tea,"

## BEDFORD STATUE OF JOHN HOWARD.

Single-minded zeal for a special philanthropic mission was rarer in the eighteenth century than it has been in the nineteenth, and John Howard's fame, though merited by seventeen years' devoted personal exertions to reform the horribly neglected and misused prisons of England and of Continental countries, is no longer to be esteemed a unique example of benevolent labours. Yet he was a good and noble man who performed a great work; and the town of Bedford may be commended and congratulated on having now erected in its market-place the bronze statue unveiled by the Duke of Bedford on March 28, the work of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, which has cost £2000, raised by subscription from 1889, the year before the centenary of Howard's death. It will be remembered that Howard lived at Cardington, near Bedford, and was High Sheriff of the county in 1773, when his attention was directed to the condition of the jails. He was born, however, at Hackney, and was apprenticed to a grocer in London, but married a wealthy widow, and became a country squire.

## THE PEERS SPIRITUAL.

The prelates of the Established Church of England and Wales who have seats, at present, in the House of Lords are the Archbishops of Canterbury and of York, and the Bishops of Winchester, London, Durham, Oxford, Salisbury, Exeter, Chester, Lincoln, Ely, Bath and Wells, Gloucester and Bristol, Hereford, St. David's, St. Asaph, Chichester, Llandaff, Bangor, Ripon, Manchester, Liverpool, St. Albans, Southwell, Wakefield, and Newcastle. Seven bishops of later appointment still await their turn for seats that may become vacant in the House of Lords.

The Most Rev. Edward White Benson, D.D., became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1883, having previously, from 1877, been Bishop of Truro. The Most Rev. W. D. Maclagan, D.D., formerly Bishop of Lichfield, became Archbishop of York in 1891. The following are the names of the other bishops sitting in the House of Lords, with the dates of their appointments to their present sees: Winchester, Right Rev. A. W. Thorold, D.D., 1891, formerly Rochester; London, Right Rev. F. Temple, D.D., 1885, formerly Exeter; Durham, Right Rev. Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., 1890; Oxford, Right Rev. W. Stubbs, D.D., 1888; Salisbury, Right Rev. John Wordsworth, D.D., 1885; Exeter, Right Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, D.D., 1885; Chester, Right Rev. J. F. Jayne, D.D., 1888; Lincoln, Right Rev. E. King, D.D., 1885; Ely, Right Rev. Lord Alwyne Compton, D.D., 1886; Bath and Wells, Right Rev. Lord Arthur Hervey, D.D., 1869; Gloucester and Bristol, Right Rev. C. J. Ellicott, D.D., 1863; Hereford, Right Rev. J. Atlay, D.D., 1868; St. David's, Right Rev. W. Basil Jones, D.D., 1874; St. Asaph, Right Rev. Alfred G. Edwards, D.D., 1889; Chichester, Right Rev. R. Durnford, D.D., 1870; Llandaff, Right Rev. R. Lewis, D.D., 1883; Bangor, Right Rev. D. L. Lloyd, D.D., 1890; Ripon, Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., 1884; Manchester, Right Rev. J. Moorhouse, D.D., 1886; Liverpool, Right Rev. J. C. Ryle, D.D., 1880; St. Albans, Right Rev. J. W. Festing, D.D., 1890; Southwell, Right Rev. G. Ridding, D.D., 1884; Wakefield, Right Rev. W. Walsham How, D.D., 1888; Newcastle, Right Rev. Ernest R. Wilberforce, D.D., 1882.

## THE THREE EMPERORS.

Observers of Continental politics will remember that, some fifteen years ago, when the Emperor William I. was living and Prince Bismarck was his Minister, we used to hear, occasionally, of a quiet mutual understanding between the three powerful sovereigns reigning at Berlin, at St. Petersburg, and at Vienna, to prevent another European war. That was in the lifetime also of the late Czar Alexander II., and before some things had taken place in Bulgaria and Servia which did not seem to be pleasing to Russia; but it was, perhaps, also considered that the military reorganisation of France, then still feeling the effects of the disastrous war with Germany, was very far from being completed. It cannot now be doubted, however, that the present three Emperors, Alexander III., William II., and Francis Joseph of Austria, King of Hungary, are each personally disposed to keep the peace. The Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy is strictly defensive; and it is to be hoped that the consolidation of the younger States on the Lower Danube and in the Balkan region will be allowed to proceed without foreign interference, so that the "Eastern Question" may soon be reckoned an affair of the past. Great armaments, maintained at enormous financial cost and with a frightful waste of the time and labouring capacity of the population, are felt to be an intolerable burden on almost every Continental nation. We do not yet expect to see them largely reduced; but we trust that actual war may be deferred at least for some years longer—perhaps till after the close of the nineteenth century—by the wisdom of the present rulers.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, writing on April 2, states that he has "heard it said on excellent authority that this time an understanding between the three Empires would assuredly lead, if not to disarmament, at all events to an indefinite suspension of military preparations. A portion of the vast resources now applied for military purposes would then be available for an improvement in the condition of the labouring classes, partly through a diversion of national expenditure to works of public utility, and partly through a certain reduction of taxation."



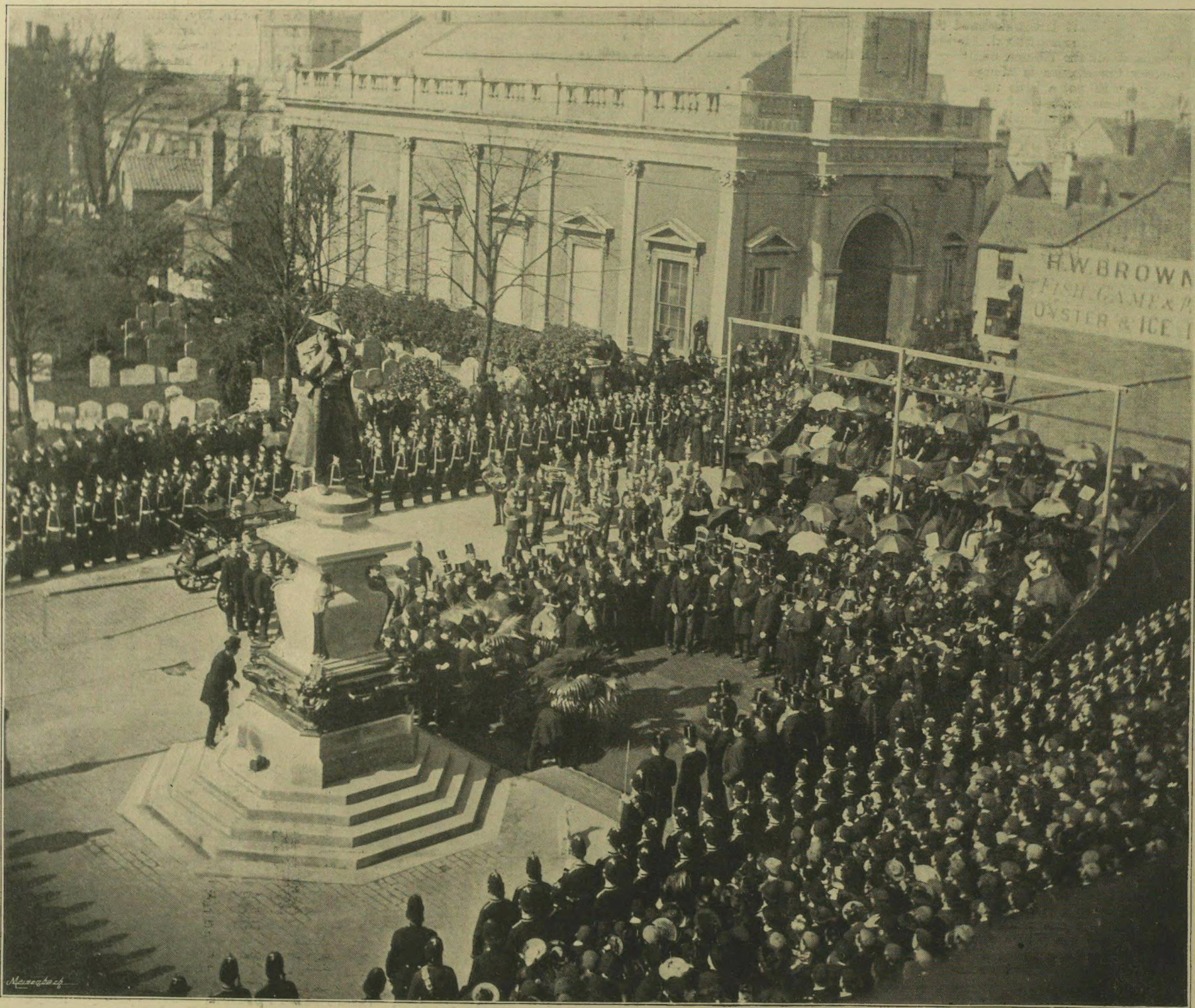
## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Unquestionably Mr. Beerbohm Tree is a picturesque as well as a remarkably clever actor; but he seems to be determined, as many clever actors before him have done, to forget that he is a comedian, and to insist that he is a hero of romance. I suppose that he has done more for the German "Talisman" than any actor of his time could have done. It may be my bad taste, but I do not think the play was worth one-tenth of the trouble and expense that have been bestowed on it. The manager of the Haymarket has shown us some lovely dresses, and he has arranged for us some beautiful scenes, and he has stood out in the lime-light as a fantastic king, and he has shown himself artist enough to hush the almost inevitable laugh in ludicrously undramatic scenes and wilfully silly situations, and he has declaimed torrents of dull talk; but he has not seen in all this character of the King of Fancy Land one chance for strong comedy or broad dramatic effect. If, then, the

disappointing to those who are familiar with the original and have seen in it some of the best French acting of the latter half of this century. It irritates some of the younger generation to be told that once upon a time, before the days of Sarah Bernhardt, there was an actress called Favart, of splendid power; and to be reminded that aristocratic breeding and blue blood were never shown so completely on any stage as by Bressant and Delaunay; and to have it suggested that Got in this play was the best representative of the semi-rough, semi-pathetic, *bourgeois* old Frenchman ever seen. When we say these things they reply, "What on earth does it matter so long as the play is a good play and it is well acted?" But is it a good play, and is it well acted save by Mr. Charles Wyndham? If it were a good play the character taken by Mr. Charles Groves would stand out as it does in the French, and the character taken by Miss Mary Moore would be allowed to be a flesh-and-blood woman and heroine, instead of a pretty little dressed up doll, and we should not have lost sight of Verdet in the original, who is a delightful companion picture to old Poirier. The point is this—Was it worth while touching

such a fuss and a bluster about flying in the face of convention and maintaining that the wrong way of doing things is far better than the right one? If people like to build their houses without doors or windows or staircases, they are perfectly at liberty to do so, but they would be regarded as lunatics if they insisted that this was the best way to build a house. Miss Florence Farr, who has already proved that she can act, and act extremely well, seems for the moment to be residing in Crotchets Castle. She is evidently a staunch upholder of the doctrine that "the majority is always wrong." For my own part I have never found it so. The young poet, Mr. Yeats, doubtless writes some pretty and clever poems, but it is not given to every pretty poet to be a good dramatist. You cannot write plays by inspiration, and Mr. Yeats's play, that we were told beforehand was such a wondrously inspired work, turns out to be for the purposes of the stage quite impracticable, not to say ludicrous. That pantomime-fairy child absolutely destroys the very illusion that the poetic dramatist wishes to insist on. Had Mr. Yeats been a dramatist,



THE DUKE OF BEDFORD UNVEILING A STATUE OF JOHN HOWARD AT BEDFORD.

Photo by W. Guttenberg and Co., Bedford.

See "Our Illustrations."

leading part in "The Talisman" is so supremely uninteresting; what was the value of the play! There was no chance in it whatever for one of the best comedians on our stage, nor was there in it much opportunity for distinction in any of the assistant and subordinate characters. The impressions I carried away with me were that I had seen some lovely pictures and costly dresses, that Mrs. Beerbohm Tree has a positive genius for making small parts stand out by showing the value of stage elocution and a musical ear, and that Mr. Lionel Brough, to my mind, has never played so well or with such artistic moderation under very grave temptation. The text seemed to me bald and commonplace, and the laughs came so infrequently that Mr. Lionel Brough was heralded as a benefactor to the race of playgoers. But I suppose it is of little use to ask Mr. Beerbohm Tree to hark back to comedy and leave romance alone for a brief season.

We have waited some time for a brilliant translation of "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," written by Emile Augier and Jules Sandeau, and now Lady Violet Greville only offers us a nervous adaptation. "An Aristocratic Alliance" gives Mr. Charles Wyndham a brilliant opportunity of which he quickly avails himself, but the play is somehow

Augier's play if the heart of it had to be cut out? I fancy somehow that Mr. Sydney Grundy would have made something out of it, and I should like to have seen Mr. John Hare by the side of Mr. Charles Wyndham. There has recently been a serious discussion with French authors about the suppression of their names in connection with adapted plays, and Mr. S. B. Bancroft was able to show M. Victorien Sardou the other day that he had been wilfully misinformed when he was told that the name of the author of "Dora" was suppressed in connection with "Diplomacy." In no case was Sardou's name omitted from any programme or playbill ever printed by the direction of Mr. Bancroft or Mr. Hare. We all know that for weeks and weeks past Augier's name has been mentioned in connection with the origin of Lady Greville's play, but that fact scarcely does away with the obligation of mentioning it on the playbill and the announcements. French authors are very sensitive on this point, and justly so.

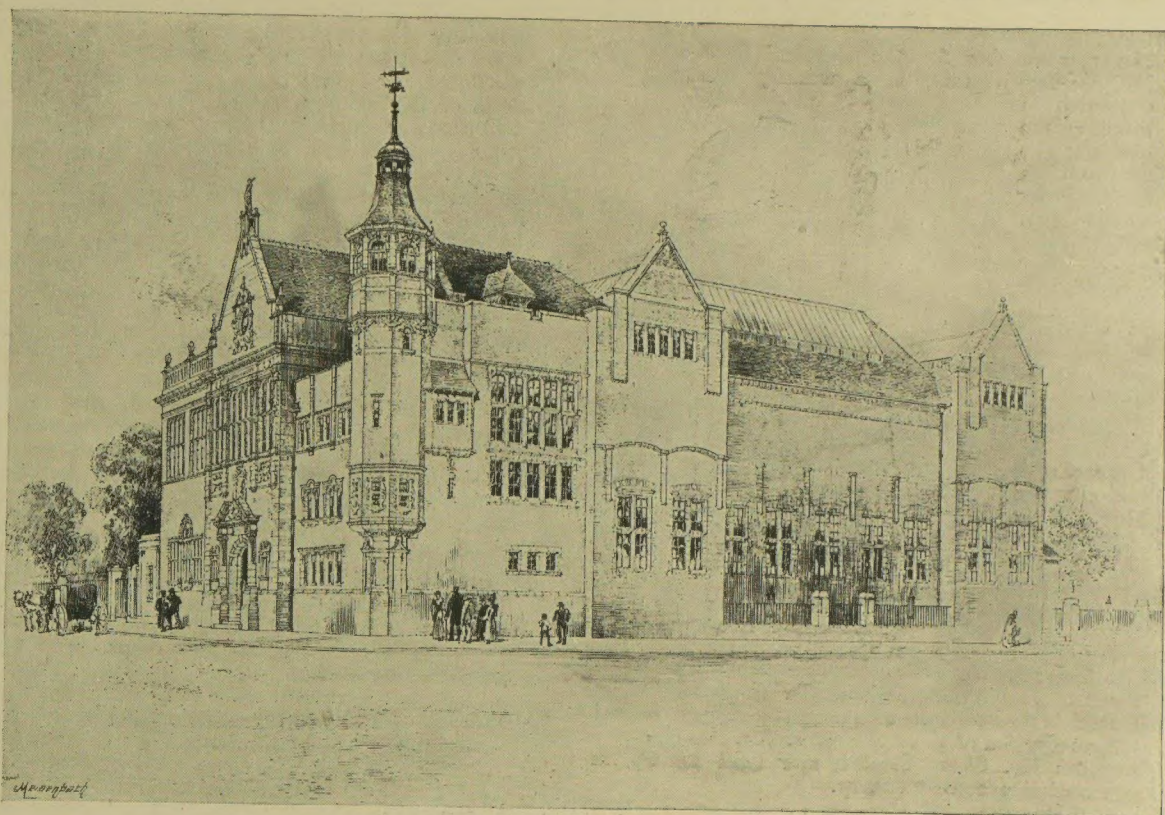
Unfortunately for the poor playgoer, who has been doomed to several serious disappointments lately, Dr. Todhunter's "Comedy of Sighs" does not come out so well as his "Black Cat." And is it not rather a pity, in connection with the new Avenue Theatre scheme, to make

which at present he is not, he would have been able to convey to his audience the very fancy that he has in his own mind. That is the art of the dramatist, but it is not an art learned in a day or mastered by the cultivation of mutual admiration. Again—if Miss Florence Farr will excuse me for saying so—the swearing woman is a very objectionable stage novelty. I have little doubt that there are thousands of women who do swear, as there are tens of thousands of ears compelled nightly and daily to hear "the filthy bye-lane ring to the yell of the trampled wife"; but I am certain that Miss Florence Farr, with her sense of taste and art, would be the last to reproduce in polite society the blasphemy of men or women either, or to say that the language we hear in Drury Lane or Clare Market must be right on the stage because it actually occurs in real life. You can reduce that argument to its legitimate absurdity. The swearing woman in this instance does not get much further than Mr. Gilbert's "big big D," but, all the same, the chivalrous nature of the ordinary man gets a shock when swear-words and coarse expressions come from the mouth of his idolised woman. But then, I am old-fashioned, and think that the highest mission of the stage is to show what men and women might be, not what they are.



## THE DUKE OF YORK AT WORCESTER.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York on Monday, April 2, was the guest of the Earl of Coventry, at Croome Court, Worcestershire, and next day visited the city of Worcester to lay the foundation-stone of the Victoria Institute. Worcester, a good old English county town with a fine cathedral, having been twelve centuries a bishop's see, is pleasantly situated in the valley of the Severn, and has thriven by its manufacturing industries, glove-making, cloth-weaving in former times, porcelain, tiles, and chemicals, as well as by the orchards, hop-gardens, nursery-gardens, agriculture, and pasture of the fertile surrounding district. The population of this city is over forty thousand. It is often mentioned in English history, as its Castle, in the wars of King Stephen, of Henry II., of John, and of Henry III., against the Barons, was repeatedly besieged; and in the civil war of the seventeenth century, in 1651, the final defeat of the Royalists by Cromwell at Worcester drove Charles II. into exile, but the townsmen did not take an active part in the fighting. Beyond the Cathedral, however, which has a beautiful choir, transepts, and Lady Chapel, there are few buildings or remains of great antiquity. The tomb of King John, and that of Prince Arthur, elder son of Henry VII., are interesting monuments near the high altar. The neighbourhood of Worcester, on the banks of the Severn and of the Teme, affords inviting excursions, to say nothing of the Malvern hills being easily accessible. Croome Park, the residence of the Earl of Coventry, is about seven miles to the south



THE VICTORIA INSTITUTE, WORCESTER: FOUNDATION-STONE LAID BY THE DUKE OF YORK ON APRIL 3.



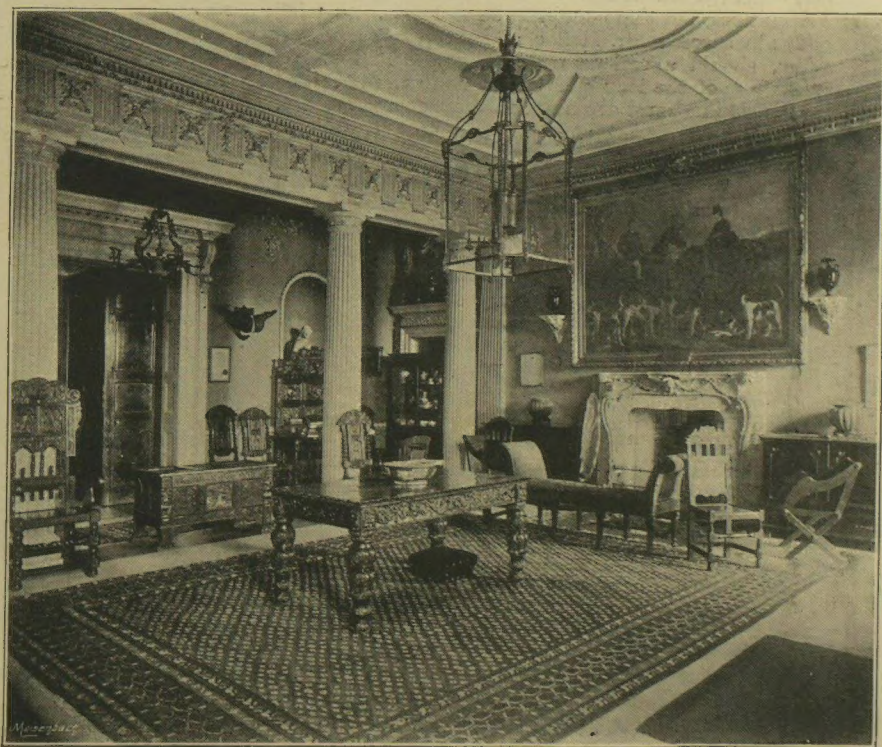
CROOME COURT, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF COVENTRY, VISITED BY THE DUKE OF YORK.

of the city, and owes its beauty chiefly to the skill of the famous artistic landscape-gardener, "Capability" Brown, working here for the sixth Earl, in the last century. This noble family is descended from Alderman John Coventry, Lord Mayor of London in 1425, two of whose posterity were eminent lawyers, advanced respectively to be Chief Justice and Lord Keeper of the Great Seal; a peerage was conferred on the latter in 1628, and was raised to an earldom in 1697. The sixth Earl married one of the beautiful sisters Gunning. The present Earl of Coventry, who is fifty-five years of age, succeeded his grandfather in 1843, and married a daughter of the late Earl of Craven.

The Victoria Institute building, of which Messrs, Simpson and Milner Allen are the architects, will cost £40,000, and is to be erected as a memorial of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign. It will comprise a public library, museum, and art gallery, with science and technical schools. The Duke of York came to Worcester, accompanied by the Earl and Countess of Coventry, Earl Beauchamp, Lord and Lady Hindlip, Lord and Lady Cobham, and Sir F. de Winton. He was received at the Guildhall by the Mayor, Mr. George Williamson. A procession conducted him to the site of the Victoria Institute. The Bishop of Worcester, Mr. F. Corbett (Chairman of the Library Committee), Mr. Willis Bund (Chairman of the County Council), and Mr. Rowley Hill took part in the proceedings. The Duke of York visited the Cathedral and the Royal Porcelain Works, and took tea at the Deanery.



BED-ROOM AT CROOME COURT USED BY THE DUKE OF YORK.



THE HALL, CROOME COURT.



## PERSONAL.

The new member for the Romford division of Essex, Mr. Money-Wigram, is a wealthy brewer who has succeeded in keeping the seat for the Opposition by a majority of 683. Mr. Money-Wigram was opposed by Alderman Bethell, and there was a very keen contest. At the general election the Conservative majority was 1182. Over 14,000 voters went to the poll at the bye-election, Romford being one of the largest constituencies in the kingdom. In Montgomeryshire the Unionists succeeded in reducing the Liberal majority to 225, a reduction of about 600 votes. Mr. Humphreys Owen succeeds Mr. Stuart Rendel, now Lord Rendel, in the representation of that county.

The Speaker has resumed his Parliamentary duties sooner, it is said, than his medical advisers desired. This devotion to duty is admirable, but the House of Commons ought not to make too exacting demands upon it. For



Photo by the London Electric Co.  
MR. ALFRED MONEY-WIGRAM,  
New M.P. for the Romford Division of Essex.

Mr. W. E. Henley has retired from the editorship of the *National Observer*, and is succeeded by Mr. J. E. Vincent. Mr. Vincent has been for years on the staff of the *Times*, chiefly engaged as "Special Commissioner" in various parts of the country and on divers errands. He is an Oxford man, of cultivated literary tastes, which will probably make a somewhat different impress on the *National Observer* from that of Mr. Henley's vigorous individuality. Mr. Henley is expected to devote himself to some arrears of authorship. He is likely to be heard of in the theatre before long, for Mr. Beerbohm Tree has a one-act version of "Robert Macaire," written by Mr. Henley in collaboration with Mr. Stevenson.

Mr. Henley's association with the *National Observer* is certainly memorable for literature. In that journal have appeared some of the most striking works of modern imagination. Mr. Stevenson's "Island Nights' Entertainments," part of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," part of "A Window in Thrums," Mr. Kipling's "Barrack-Room Ballads," Mr. Henley's own poems—these are a few of the notable writings which have made their first appearance in Mr. Henley's journal. This gives his editorship no common distinction, and it establishes a tradition which his successor will do well to follow.

The University of Cambridge has lost a very learned Professor of Arabic and a man of high authority in Semitic literary studies by the death, on March 31, of Dr. William Robertson Smith, who has held other offices there, and has been a member of Trinity College since 1883. He was but forty-seven years of age, a native of Keig, in Aberdeenshire, was educated at Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Bonn, and Göttingen; and in 1870, being the son of a Scottish Free Kirk minister, became Professor of Hebrew at the Free Kirk college in Aberdeen. At the request of the late Professor T. Spencer Baynes, editor of the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," he wrote the critical and scholarly articles, published in 1876, upon certain books of the Old Testament, which excited great alarm in the minds of some of the Scottish clergy, for he did not think the Book of Deuteronomy was written by Moses. A prosecution for heresy was instituted against him, but failed; he was next charged with uttering "opinions of a dangerous and unsettling tendency," but when the case had gone through the local Presbytery and Synod, it was dismissed in 1879 by the General Assembly of the Free Church. Dr. Robertson Smith was, however, deprived of his teaching post at Aberdeen.

A great light in the scientific world has gone out with Dr. Brown-Séquard. This eminent savant, as his name indicates, was partly English, or rather American, but his temperament was cosmopolitan. He pursued his studies in physiology with devouring energy. To many English readers his name is chiefly associated with the worst horrors of vivisection; but he was a specialist of very rare gifts, especially in the treatment of nervous disorders. His latest invention was a liquid which was injected under the skin, and was supposed to have most stimulating properties; but on this point Brown-Séquard failed to convince his colleagues. As his elixir was futile when tried upon himself, perhaps he died unconvinced too. His fame, however, does not depend on mere eccentricity, and his researches in physiology, purchased by means absolutely non-humanitarian, have left some substantial fruits.

The death of Thomas Beach, better known as Major Le Caron, removes one of the most famous personalities of the Parnell Commission. Mr. Parnell himself is dead; Lord Hannon, who presided over the Commission, is dead; and he has been rapidly followed by the man whose evidence before that tribunal afforded the most dramatic incident of the trial. Major Le Caron's existence until that day was unknown to most people. He stepped out of the shadow of the Secret Service to tell a startling tale of espionage. For twenty-five years he had been a paid agent of the British Government in the heart of the Clan-na-Gael. His real mission was never suspected by his associates, and perhaps his greatest feat was that for so many years he carried a whole skin. Had he been detected he would certainly have been punished with instant death. How far a man may practise the profession of a spy for patriotic

motives, and yet conform to the code of honour, is a nice question for casuists. Most people will continue to regard the professional spy with a certain repugnance; but the merit of rare courage, coolness, and audacity cannot be denied to Henri Le Caron.

It is said that Major Le Caron has left a daughter, a very beautiful girl, who inherits a considerable fortune. Though he received very scanty pay from the Government, Le Caron died a wealthy man. Before giving his evidence to the Parnell Commission, he stipulated that his life should be assured for £20,000, and that he should receive a thousand a year for the remainder of his days. The proprietors of the *Times* are supposed to have undertaken these financial obligations. Since that time the spy lived in absolute seclusion guarded night and day by four detectives. This is romantic enough for the most insatiable novel-reader; but there ought to be an equally romantic sequel. Who will marry the great spy's orphan heiress?

Mrs. Humphry Ward is said to have made her studies of Socialism for "Marcella" with the aid of Mr. Graham Wallas, one of the most capable members of the Fabian Society. Mr. Wallas lives near Mrs. Humphry Ward at Tring, and it is thought by his friends that he must find many agreeable reflections of himself in Mrs. Ward's novel. Two or three members of the Fabian Society might render excellent service to fiction by lending themselves as models to contemporary novelists, not only for studies in economics, but for varied glimpses of humanity.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, who trounces Mr. Mallock's economics in the *Fortnightly* this month, has written a play, which will shortly be produced at the Avenue Theatre. It will surprise Mr. Shaw's admirers to learn that this work is a romantic comedy, the scene of which is laid in Bulgaria. Bermondsey or Bethnal Green or Barking might be thought more appropriate as a background to Mr. Shaw's dramatic genius, but then it is his delight to surprise everybody—his admirers most of all. The principal character in the new play is said to be a Bulgarian admiral, whose uniform is giving Mr. Shaw some trouble. At first he made this officer a Servian admiral, but reflected that Servia could scarcely be regarded as a naval Power. This seems a superfluous piece of reasoning. Did not Shakspeare choose Bohemia when he wanted a seacoast? But Mr. Shaw's logic has always been his bane.

The new member for Berwickshire will have no reason to complain if people regard him as shining chiefly in the refulgence of his sister and of his prospective brother-in-law. Mr. H. J. Tennant is the brother of Miss Margot Tennant, who is to marry Mr. Asquith next month. Mr. Tennant has had some useful experience at the Home Office as secretary to Mr. Asquith, but it was a very serious undertaking to champion the Liberal cause in the most critical election in Scotland since the formation of Lord Rosebery's Government. The withdrawal of Mr. Marjoribanks from the representation of Berwickshire gave the Unionists a formidable opportunity, especially against a comparatively unknown candidate. However, with the help of the Home Secretary Mr. Tennant succeeded in polling more votes than his distinguished predecessor, and although the Unionist poll showed a more considerable increase, there was a Liberal majority of 565.

The Ven. Brough Maltby, whose death in his sixty-eighth year is just announced, exercised for many years a great influence upon the progress of the Church in the Midlands. It was mainly due to his unflagging energy and zeal that the Bishopric of Southwell was established, and he did much in other ways to organise, consolidate, and strengthen the Church's work in that neighbourhood. But perhaps his chief interest was displayed in educational matters. He filled the office of Diocesan Inspector for several years, and more lately he lent his name and his energies to the work of various Boards of Education. The college at Denstone found in him a warm friend, and he took an active part in the establishment of a similar institution at Worksop. The greater part of his ministerial life was spent in the diocese of Lincoln, but in 1884 the Archdeaconry of Nottingham, to which he had been appointed in 1878, was transferred to the new See of Southwell, and it fell to Archdeacon Maltby to install the first Bishop—Dr. Ridding—in the minster at Southwell. Archdeacon Maltby had intimate associations with that city. He was born at Southwell in 1826, and was educated at the Grammar School there. He afterwards went up to Cambridge, where he had as his contemporaries Mr. Westlake, Q.C., Archdeacon Cheetham, Mr. Hugh Childers, Dr. Perowne (Master of Corpus) and Dr. Hort. He graduated from St. John's College, of which he was a scholar, in 1850. His first curacy was at Westbury. He afterwards laboured at Whatton and Sibthorp; but in 1864 he was appointed to the Vicarage of Farndon, and he held it until his death. The living was a small rural one, but the Vicar found plenty of scope for his energies by devoting himself to the general work of the diocese. His efforts were much valued by the late Bishop Wordsworth, who appointed him to a prebendal stall of Lincoln Cathedral in 1871, and in 1878 conferred upon him the Archdeaconry of Nottingham. On the division of the see, Archdeacon Maltby became Examining Chaplain to Bishop Ridding.



MR. H. J. TENNANT,  
New M.P. for Berwickshire.

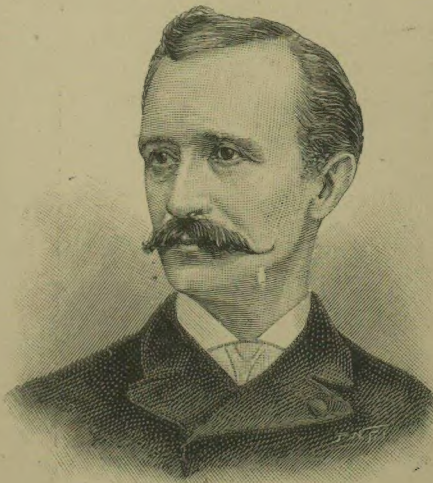


THE LATE PROFESSOR ROBERTSON SMITH.

some time only Mr. Mellor's health has stood between the House and the collapse of public business. In Mr. Peel's absence Mr. Mellor acts as Deputy Speaker. If he were to be laid up there would be no Deputy Speaker, and the House could not sit. There are several Deputy Chairmen of Committees, but there ought to be at least one officially qualified to succeed Mr. Mellor in his capacity as Deputy Speaker, should a serious emergency arise. But it is characteristic of the House of Commons to run the risk of being landed in absurd dilemmas with its own procedure.

Sir William Harcourt has reason to bless the revenue returns. They have come in latterly with a rush of smiling plenty which promises to reduce the estimated deficit of two millions to half a million. But income-tax payers are not entirely happy. There is a rumour that the Chancellor of the Exchequer intends to alter the incidence of the tax by clapping another twopence on incomes above £500. Some colour is given to this in suspicious minds by a manoeuvre of the Inland Revenue Commissioners. They have lately made a significant increase of assessments among the taxpayers who do not frame their own returns. It has been noted in some cases that this increase is from £500 to £600. Hence the tears and apprehensions of uneasy citizens.

Mr. Thorburn, the unobtrusive member for Peeblesshire, has been taken to task for the supposed offence of reading a speech in the House of Commons. Mr. Thorburn made some remarks on the question of the Scotch Grand Committee, and as he spoke with his eye on his notes, it was assumed by one Parliamentary chronicler that he was reading from a manuscript, and that he was permitted to do this only by the indulgence of the Deputy Speaker. Nothing disturbs the equanimity of your legislator more than the charge that he is not delivering an extemporaneous flow of eloquence. It would be better for many speakers in the House if they would always devote some pains to the preparation of their utterances. This might, at all events, ensure some economy of the Parliamentary time, for preparation ought to prevent a member from repeating himself a dozen times in as many sentences. But Mr. Thorburn happens to be totally guiltless of the unquenchable love of his own voice. He seldom addresses the House, and to be reproached with an illicit manuscript strikes him as the culmination of Saxon injustice.



THE LATE MAJOR LE CARON  
(MR. THOMAS BEACH).



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Beatrice, has been enjoying pleasant drives from the Villa Fabbriotti to the city of Florence and to several places in the neighbourhood, and has received a few visitors. Earl Spencer has arrived as Minister in attendance.

The Prince of Wales left Cannes for Paris on Monday afternoon, April 2, when the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, and the Duke of Leuchtenberg bade farewell to his Royal Highness at the railway station.

The Queen is looking forward to more than one event of great family interest at her visit to Coburg in another week. Surely no Queen, in all history, ever witnessed so many happy matrimonial arrangements for her grandchildren. It is now known that the Czarevitch will be present at the approaching marriage of the Grand Duke of Hesse at Coburg on April 19. His Imperial Highness will be accompanied by the sister of the bridegroom, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Feodorovna, wife of the Grand Duke Sergius, Governor of Moscow. It is confidently expected that the Czarevitch will at the same time be betrothed to Princess Alice of Hesse. This engagement, which has long been rumoured, is now talked of as almost certain, and it is reported that the Princess has been learning Russian and preparing for her future position.

The result of the polling for Montgomeryshire was declared on March 30. Mr. Humphreys Owen (Ministerialist) was returned, having received 3440 votes, against 3215 for Mr. R. W. Williams Wynn (Conservative); majority, 225. This is a decrease of 590 on the majority obtained by Lord Rendel in 1892, and the Ministerialist poll has fallen off by 220, while that of the Unionists has increased by 368. The result of the polling for Berwickshire was declared on the same day. Mr. H. J. Tennant (Ministerialist) received 2722, and Mr. C. B. Balfour (Conservative) 2157 votes. The Ministerialist majority is thus 565, or 183 less than at the general election. The polling for the Romford division of Essex took place on April 2, when Mr. Alfred Money-Wigram (Conservative) obtained 7573 votes, and Alderman J. H. Bethell (Liberal) 6890. The Wisbech division of Cambridge and Mid-Lanarkshire were the remaining elections to be decided.

Mr. Mundella, President of the Board of Trade, replying to a deputation from the Chamber of Shipping, hoped by private conference to come to a satisfactory understanding with regard to the constitution of a committee on the incidence and application of light dues. As to the destruction of derelicts in the Atlantic, the British Government had been in correspondence with the United States Government, and it had been decided that a joint committee of the Admiralty and the Board of Trade should consider the subject, with a view to removing the dangers complained of. The inspection of provisions was a matter on which he desired to meet the views of the shipowners, and he mentioned also that of the under-manning of ships. He hoped to have their co-operation to prevent disasters from under-manning.

In the conference at Oxford of the National Union of Teachers, resolutions were carried against the placing of an inordinate number of children under one teacher and the overcrowding of class-rooms, and urging the importance of a superannuation allowance for certificated teachers. Mr. Macnamara delivered an address on the conditions of service of rural school-mistresses. It was referred to the executive to prepare a scheme to secure for all elementary schools such adequate financial treatment as will render it possible for them to be conducted efficiently. There was a meeting in the Sheldonian Theatre, with the reception by Princess Christian of purses for the benevolent and orphanage funds of the union.

The third Loan Exhibition of Pictures at Guildhall was opened by the Lord Mayor of London on Saturday, March 31.

The Lord Mayor, who is Alderman of the civic ward of Queenhithe, distributed at the Mansion House the prizes to the children of the Vintry, Queenhithe, and Castle Baynard Wards Schools, which have been in existence for the past hundred and eighty years. Alderman Sir David Evans, Mr. Alderman Green, and Mr. Alderman Vaughan Morgan, representing Castle Baynard, Vintry, and Cordwainer Wards, were present, also the clergy of the wards.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were present at the amateur theatricals at the Officers' Club, Aldershot. The performance, in aid of the funds of the Gordon Boys' Home and Soldiers' Institute, was arranged by Major Archdale, Royal Welsh Fusiliers. Clever acting and dancing were important elements in its success. Captain Engleheart was responsible for the scenic arrangements. The parts were admirably sustained by officers and ladies.

A meeting of those opposed to the Disestablishment of the Church of Scotland was held in the Music Hall, Edinburgh, on March 29. The speakers were the Marquis of Tweeddale, Dr. Marshall Lang, Moderator of the General Assembly, Mr. R. B. Finlay, Q.C., Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Sir Donald Currie, M.P., Professor Flint, and others. Resolutions were passed to "maintain and defend the religious rights and privileges secured for Scotland with the National Church, to further any measure for healing religious divisions in the country while opposing any action to destroy the connection between Church and State, and to demand that a separate and distinct issue should be put before the people of Scotland."

The report of the representative body of the Church of Ireland says that in the year 1893 the receipts, both from voluntary contributions and from the interest on investments, increased. The contributions from voluntary sources were £126,597. Since the disestablishment there has been a voluntary subscription of four millions and a quarter. The interest on investments for last year was £300,174, and the income of the Church from all sources £487,681. The total paid to bishops and clergy was

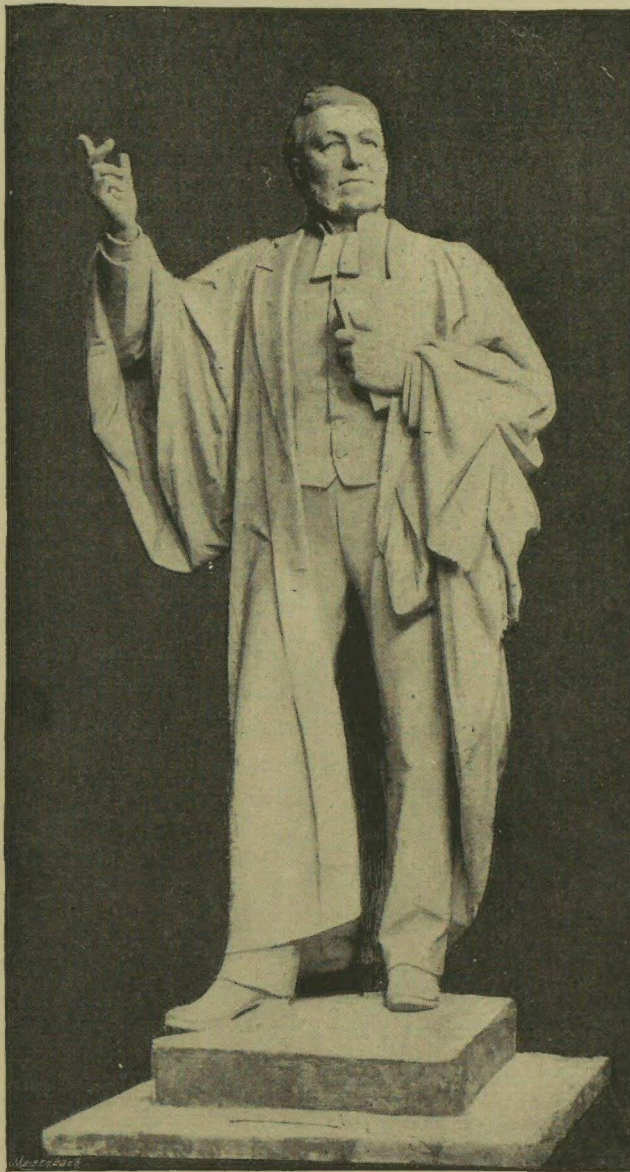
£380,862. With additional expenditure on glebes, insurance, income-tax, salaries, &c., the total outlay was £421,553, leaving a balance of £66,128 to be added to capital. The total assets of the Church are £7,714,801.

The number of paupers in receipt of relief in the metropolis still continues to increase, while in other parts of the country it is stationary. The number relieved in the first week of January was 107,878, in the second week 109,516, and in the third week 108,167. For these weeks the figures are higher than they have been since 1873. In the fourth and fifth weeks the numbers were 107,751 and 107,557 respectively. At no time since 1888 have the numbers for these weeks been so high.

The election of a member of the London County Council for Rotherhithe returned Mr. Howell J. Williams, by a majority of 111 over Mr. W. H. C. Payne, at the polling on March 31.

The meeting of the German and Austrian Emperors at Abbazia is hailed as a fresh symptom of peace, and as such, indeed, it may safely be regarded. The rumour of an intended meeting with the Czar may yet be verified. The Emperor of Austria, having already expressed in a telegram to the President of the French Republic his gratitude for the friendly way in which he was received on French soil, has now sent to M. Carnot the insignia of the Order of St. Stephen.

Prince Bismarck's seventy-ninth birthday was celebrated on April 1 at Friedrichsruh, where various deputa-



STATUE OF DR. HANNA AT BELFAST, UNVEILED MARCH 31.

tions waited upon him with presents and addresses. To those who came from Düsseldorf, and to the ladies who represented Baden, Hesse, and the Palatinate, the ex-Chancellor made interesting speeches. In the evening there was a torchlight procession in which three thousand persons took part. Prince Bismarck received a handsome present from the Emperor.

The funeral of Louis Kossuth took place on Sunday, April 1, at Buda-Pesth. An immense number of people poured into the Hungarian capital to witness the ceremonies. A funeral oration was delivered by M. Moritz Jokai, and another by the Deputy Mayor of the city. The pall-bearers were leading Hungarian nobles and citizens. There was a guard of honour composed of Honved veterans of 1848. Twenty cars laden with floral wreaths preceded the hearse. The members of the Cabinet were not present, though each House of Parliament was represented by a deputation, headed by its Vice-President.

The eleventh International Medical Congress was opened on March 29 in the Costanzi Theatre at Rome. The King and Queen of Italy and the Premier, Signor Crispi, welcomed the delegates in the name of Italy. Professor Baccelli, as President of the Congress, delivered a speech in Latin, and was followed by Professor Virchow, of Berlin, Sir William MacCormac, and the delegates of other countries, who were presented to the King and Queen. It appears that 7612 members had registered their names, 700 of whom are from Great Britain, but they were not all present in Rome.

The programme of the new Belgian Cabinet has been announced by M. de Burlet. One object will be to insure that the elections shall take place in October; the new Electoral Bill will, therefore, have to be passed before the end of the session. The proportional representation will be withdrawn.

The negotiations between the Russian and Austrian Governments for a new treaty of commerce are said to be progressing very satisfactorily. All questions of principle have already been settled, and the treaty is likely to be signed within a short time.

At Constantinople an attempt to assassinate the Armenian Patriarch, as he was leaving the Cathedral on Sunday, has caused great sensation. The would-be murderer is a pastrycook named Agob, a native of Caesarea, where there has been much agitation among the Armenians. The Patriarch had urged them to be loyal to the Sultan.

The Kadi, or religious judge, of Damietta, in Egypt, has been summoned to Cairo to explain his action in ordering the public flogging of a Mussulman reformer who preached against fasting in Ramadan.

Another raid has been made by Albanians on a village of the Montenegrin frontier. The fighting lasted all day; four Montenegrins were killed, and seven wounded.

News has reached Madrid of a serious outbreak by the Malay population of Mindanao, in the Philippine Islands. Instructions have been sent to the Governor, General Blanco, to proceed from Manila with an expeditionary force to repress the movement.

A report has been received at the Colonial Office in Paris of fresh conflicts between the French troops and the native tribes in the vicinity of Timbuctoo. The French captured large numbers of sheep, and dispersed two bands of Tuaregs without sustaining any loss.

News has been received at Cape Town that Gambo, the only Matabili induna who had not surrendered, has sent a message to Dr. Jameson, asking permission to surrender at Buluwayo. The telegraph line has been completed to a point halfway between Tati and Buluwayo.

## BELFAST STATUE OF DR. HANNA.

The late Rev. William Hanna, LL.D., of Belfast, was a minister of the Presbyterian Church well known in the North of Ireland for his zeal and ability exerted in behalf of Protestant principles and of the political views staunchly maintained in Ulster. He was also an eminent preacher, and was the author of historical works on the Reformation, Wycliffe, and the Huguenots, and a biography of Dr. Chalmers. Dr. Hanna was a native of Belfast, and his fellow-townsmen have erected a statue to perpetuate his memory; this monument, the last work of the late Mr. C. B. Birch, sculptor, was unveiled on Saturday, March 31, by the Lord Mayor, with a public ceremony in which Lord Londonderry and other persons of rank and local influence took part, giving it somewhat the character of an Ulster Unionist demonstration. The statue is placed in front of St. Enoch's Church.

## THE CESSION OF PONDOLAND.

The cession of Eastern and Western Pondoland, just announced, adds to the British Empire in South Africa a territory which, if not so large in area as some other states of that wide region, is by no means to be despised. Eastern Pondoland itself has an area of nearly four thousand square miles, and supports a population estimated at close upon two hundred thousand; while Western Pondoland, which has been under a separate chief, is almost as large as its neighbour. But the country to which both geographically belong is altogether different in character from the vast bulk of South Africa. A continent of great distances, Africa in its southern portion is chiefly a land of plains and tablelands; and the traveller who passes from Cape Town to Buluwayo, or from Port Elizabeth to Johannesburg, is more likely to be struck by the lonely immensity of the arid plains—the "veldt" and the "karoo"—than anything else. Pondoland, however, between the great Drakensberg range of mountains and the sea, is pre-eminently a rugged country—a land of mountains and valleys, with rivers deep in ravines; remarkable, too, for its rich alluvial soil, which yields the most abundant crops and the most luxuriant sub-tropical vegetation. As may be expected, Eastern and Western Pondoland boast romantic scenery. Between the two, at the mouth of the St. John's River—once so full of hippopotami that the natives named it Umzimvubu, or "River of the Sea-Cow"—stand the grand "Gates," a granite mountain split in two, with a calm stretch of the sea in between, and trees clothing the cliffs from their crown to the water's edge. This is a far-famed and much-photographed bit of scenery, for it is accessible by a small steamer which plies at regular intervals between Durban and Port St. John's, that port, with a few miles of land, having been purchased from the paramount chief by the Cape Government some years ago. The spot is seen, moreover, by the passengers on the mail-steamers on their way up or down the coast between Cape Town and Natal—

Like giant sentinels on either hand,  
The stately portals of the river stand;  
Their rugged crests, and headlands bold and free,  
Rising in silent grandeur o'er the sea,  
Whose foaming waves engird with silvery show'rs  
St. John's grand cliffs and castellated towers.  
Low at their feet, in deep eternal shade,  
The river flows past mountain, krantz, and glade,  
Onward and onward from its distant source,  
Till, 'midst this scene sublime, it ends its course.

But the gates by no means exhaust the sublime scenery of Pondoland. Travellers who have thoroughly explored the country assert that at a place called Cooper's Hill, where there is a small trading-store, a panoramic view can be had that it would be hard to equal in any quarter of the globe. The rivers Umgazi, Umzimvubu, and others, present also at various points in their course some of the most beautiful scenes imaginable. The proposed railway will open up a country said to be exceptionally rich in every way. In fact, now that the country is under civilised jurisdiction we shall probably hear a good deal about Pondoland; the wonder is that it should so long have lain fallow under the feet of contending hordes of savages.





"Sweet childish days, that were as long  
As twenty days are now."—WORDSWORTH.

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## CHAPTER I.

THE RECTOR OF HARBURY VALE.

THE REVEREND JOHN DIMSDALE was seated in his study, one fine spring morning, wrestling with the composition of a discourse, to be delivered on the coming Sunday. Although he had for many years been in the habit of preaching without notes, it was, nevertheless, necessary that his sermons should be well thought out in advance, and he had not found that any great economy of time was effected by the abandonment of pen and paper. For he was a nervous, conscientious, irritable man—as anybody might have discovered by a glance at his high, wrinkled forehead, his bald head, his twitching lips and the long thin fingers, which kept plucking his grey beard—and he always tried hard not to scamp his work, distasteful as a large portion of it was to him. At Harbury Vale, of which country parish in the Thames valley he had been Rector for so long that he had quite ceased to dream of possible preferment, he was accounted a very fine preacher, and people who came from as far off as Windsor and Reading on purpose to hear him, seldom went away disappointed. Probably not one in a hundred guessed how much he hated preaching. Fluency, and even occasional eloquence, he ought to have known that he possessed; but, as a matter of fact, he could not feel sure of himself. Like those self-distrustful persons who have escaped sea-sickness through a score of voyages, yet who never set foot on shipboard without an inward sinking of the heart, he had no confidence in his own invincibility, and the possibility of a disastrous breakdown was always before his eyes.

On this particular morning, he was more than usually worried. "Set your affections on things above, not on things of the earth" was to be the theme of his homily, and he was conscious of being altogether out of harmony with it. The principle, of course, was sound, and might be supported by the customary commonplace reflections, but poor Mr. Dimsdale did not want to be more commonplace than he could help, and he had not, so far, been able to see his way to any original utterances. He pushed his chair back from the table, got up and began to pace restlessly about the room, rumpling his sparse hair with both hands.

"Fret not thyself, and verily thou shalt be fed" . . . Oh, dear! what dreadful nonsense that sounds! As if any man was likely to get bread and butter unless he fretted himself . . . or even if he did! Well, there's something in that. It isn't the fretting that earns the bread and butter—it's the quiet, persistent performance of daily duties. At any rate, one might be justified in saying so, though it does seem to me that a man may perform his daily duties in a quiet, persistent way for a great number of years and yet not know where to turn for a five-pound note at the end of them. 'The world is too much with us' . . . Yes, but that isn't always our fault. Troubles come, emergencies arise, and we have to deal with them; it's monstrous to tell an unfortunate fellow that he ought to have faith and believe that all is ordered for the best. Your



The Rector, who had long since acquired the experience which every married man ends by acquiring, sat down and folded his hands patiently.



daughters marry poor curates and have babies every year, and if you don't help them out, nobody will; your only son gets plucked for the army, and seems to think it rather a good joke than otherwise. It is as much as you can do to pay the weekly bills . . . and upon the top of all that, you must needs exhort your fellow-sufferers to take no heed for the morrow!"

The Rector walked to the window and rested his burning forehead upon the glass. Outside, the sun was shining brightly upon the lawn, upon the yellow crocuses and the Lent-lilies; a missel-thrush, perched upon a bare bough, was singing exultant defiance to the east wind; the horse-chestnut buds were bursting. It would have been pleasant to go out for a walk and get rid of the cobwebs, but that was not to be thought of. Work must be done first, and there was not too much time left to do it in. Naturally, therefore, the slow creak of the opening door was a sound to be resented.

It was Mrs. Dimsdale, who, with a copy of the *Times* in her hand, had come in to say, "What do you think, John? Old Mr. Trevor is dead."

"Well, my dear," the Rector returned rather crossly, "really I can't help it if he is. I didn't kill him."

Mrs. Dimsdale seated herself in one of the worn, leather-covered arm-chairs and laughed. She was a stout, comfortable-looking matron, who had had her share of good looks in days gone by, and whose rounded cheeks were not disfigured by the lines with which care had furrowed those of her husband.

"But it's most interesting, you know," she protested. "Are you still up in the clouds, John? Have you forgotten who Mr. Trevor was?"

"I have not forgotten, nor am I likely to forget," answered the Rector, "what a thorn Mr. Trevor has been in the side of his bishop and of the Church. I believe him to have been honest, though bigoted and mischievous. At the same time, Elizabeth, I must ask you to postpone all discussion of his merits or demerits to some other occasion. I have my sermon to think out, and—"

"Sit down, John, and don't get into a state of mind. You know how useless it is for you to rehearse sermons when you are not in the temper for them. I can see by your face that you have come to a knot; and at such moments there is only one thing to be done—drop the subject. I am very sorry I didn't interrupt you sooner. Now I am going to read you what the *Times* says about Mr. Trevor. It is under the heading of 'Obituary,' and they have given him three-quarters of a column all to himself."

The Rector, who had long since acquired the experience which every married man ends by acquiring, sat down and folded his hands patiently, while his wife, after adjusting her spectacles, proceeded to quote the following appreciative paragraph—

"The religious and charitable world may be said to have sustained a severe loss by the death of Mr. Trevor, J.P. and D.L., who passed away yesterday at his residence, Broxham Hall, Norfolk, in a green old age. Although the deceased gentleman took no active part in politics after the passing of the Reform Act of 1868, and resigned his seat in Parliament immediately upon the enactment of a measure to which he was strongly opposed, his name and his person have not ceased throughout the last quarter of a century to be familiar to his fellow-countrymen. Whether the frequent prosecutions with which his memory will be identified were or were not ill-advised, whether his outspoken hatred of Ritualism and his dread of the foothold obtained in England during his lifetime by the Church of Rome were exaggerated or not, are questions which are scarcely likely to be answered in the sense that he would have wished by a generation which has grown tolerant, if not indifferent, as to such matters; but it will be conceded alike by friend and foe that Samuel Trevor was a man of the strictest integrity and the most blameless personal life. Born as long ago as 1807, and educated in the tenets of the Evangelical school, to which his father, a well-known politician of the day, belonged; Samuel Trevor imbibed, while still a young man, principles from which he never swerved until the last day of his life."

"Then," said Mrs. Dimsdale, looking up over her spectacles, "there is a great deal about Wilberforce and Buxton and Clapham, and all that sort of thing. Also about his prosecutions of the Ritualists and the money that he spent upon them, and so forth. You can read it to yourself afterwards, if you like."

"I don't think I particularly care to read it," answered the Rector of Harbury Vale, who was a moderate High Churchman.

"No; I dare say not. Well, here is the finish of it. 'But when all is said and done, the claims which the late Mr. Trevor possessed upon public esteem and veneration are beyond dispute. Vehement and occasionally bitter as a controversialist he may have been; his methods of testifying to the sincerity of his religious convictions may not always have commended themselves to modern approval; but his boundless generosity, his unflinching care for the sick and needy and the admirable uses to which he devoted a large fortune, of which more than half is said to have been expended by him upon good works, will, it is to be hoped, be remembered long after the somewhat vexatious proceedings which he deemed it his duty, of recent years, to institute against offending clergymen have been forgotten and forgiven.' Dear me, what a prodigious sentence! I only saw him once. He struck me as being a particularly disagreeable old man."

"H'm! He struck a good many other people in the same light, my dear," observed the Rector, stroking his beard meditatively. "I wonder whether he has done anything for Veronica."

"Why, of course he has!" returned Mrs. Dimsdale, with a touch of impatience. "That's just it; that's why I say that his death is an interesting event. He promised to provide for her, you know."

"I think not, Elizabeth; I certainly did not understand that there had been any definite promise. Some years ago,

when Mrs. Mansfield endeavoured unsuccessfully to arrange a meeting between him and his niece, he did, I believe, say that her name would probably be found in his will; but that was all. And very little, I should think, can be expected from such a rancorous old—ahem!—from so obstinately prejudiced a person as he was."

"Ah! you are such a pessimist, John! I don't mean about Mr. Trevor's character, because I quite agree with you that he was an unnatural old horror, but about Veronica's prospects. After all, she is his sister's only child."

"As he refused to hold any communication with his sister after her marriage, and as he could never be persuaded to see her only child, that seems rather a poor foundation to build Spanish castles upon," remarked the Rector drily. "May I ask, Elizabeth, whether you expect to hear that he has constituted Veronica his sole heiress?"

"No, John, I do not; but I expect to hear that he has left her something like £10,000—I don't mind telling you that."

"I trust you will not be foolish enough to tell the girl anything so absurd. You will only lay up an utterly unnecessary disappointment for her if you do."

"I doubt whether any disappointment of that kind would affect her; Veronica cares so little about money, poor dear! But I am convinced that she will inherit a handsome sum; and so would you be, John, if you were not determined to see everything *en noir* this morning."

"If I saw the world through rose-coloured glasses just at present I should possess your highly enviable temperament, my dear, and Heaven has not so far favoured me. It is all very fine to be cheerful and sanguine, but one must have some sort of reasonable ground for feeling so, or at least so it appears to me. I know I ought to send poor Lizzie a trifle, and Martha writes to say that they have decided to put down the pony-cart, though how they are to manage without a conveyance of some kind in that lonely parish I'm sure I don't know. And here is Joe upon one's hands, and likely to remain upon one's hands indefinitely."

"Don't trouble about Joe," said Mrs. Dimsdale, placidly. "With his talents he is certain to make his way in the world sooner or later, and I don't know that his having failed for the Army is such a great misfortune, after all. A military career has so very few prizes to offer."

"And, such as they are, it would have been very strange if he had secured one of them. There I am quite with you, Elizabeth. However great Joe's talents may be, they have never yet enabled him to carry off a prize of any description—not even a good-conduct prize."

"Well, John," returned Mrs. Dimsdale, bristling up, as she always did when any of her offspring were attacked, "I really don't think that you have had any cause to complain of Joe's conduct, at all events. And you yourself have always admitted that he has twice as much intelligence as the generality of boys and young men."

"Oh, he has intelligence, he has plenty of intelligence—coupled with eccentricity. Whether that combination is likely to be of any practical service to him is another question. For nothing can be more certain than that he will have to earn his daily bread somehow or other. I am not Mr. Trevor, remember: I am neither as rich nor as robust as he was; and when I die there will be little enough left for those whom I am bound to provide for to live upon."

"It will all come right, John," Mrs. Dimsdale declared soothingly; "and even if it were all going to come wrong, suffering in anticipation would not mend matters. The truth is that you want a tonic."

"No, no!" returned the Rector hastily—for he had had ample experience of his wife's doses, and he knew what the effects of them generally were—"I assure you I don't want that, my dear. What I really do want is to be permitted to get on with my sermon, for which you have already furnished me with some valuable hints. One should strive to cultivate your habitual frame of mind; one should never suffer in anticipation. I am convinced of it, and I will tell the people so."

Mrs. Dimsdale rose slowly, picked up her newspaper and moved towards the door. "I only wish you would practise what you preach!" she remarked. "Then you wouldn't give yourself a headache by struggling with ideas which would come quite naturally to you if you waited for them until you were in the pulpit. I must try to find Veronica now and tell her the news."

The Rector, who had drawn his chair up to the writing-table once more, looked over his shoulder to say, "For goodness' sake, don't go and tell her that she has come into a fortune!"

"Of course I shall do nothing of the kind," answered Mrs. Dimsdale; "what do you take me for? But it stands to reason that she must be informed of her uncle's death, and that she must order mourning."

"If her uncle has left her money enough to pay for a black gown, she may consider herself lucky," murmured the despondent Rector when he was left alone.

But the prospect was not really so unsatisfactory as that; nor in his heart did he believe that it was. Something would doubtless prove to have been done for Veronica, whose claims had been virtually acknowledged by the late Mr. Trevor, although they had never been urged either by her or by those who from her earliest childhood had given her a home.

It was now a matter of five-and-twenty years since the younger brother of the Rector of Harbury Vale had insisted upon marrying Miss Trevor, notwithstanding his lack of means, while Miss Trevor had insisted on marrying him, despite the opposition of her nearest relatives. There had been no particular harm in Cecil Dimsdale, nor any particular good. A dreamy, inefficient, amiable member of the community, he might have dawdled through life creditably enough for all practical purposes, had he possessed money enough to dawdle upon, and it was not at all improbable that he—or rather his wife—would have been provided with the requisite money if he had not, shortly after his marriage,

taken it into his foolish head to do an utterly unpardonable thing. This was not the frittering away of a part of Mrs. Cecil's small fortune in absurd speculations (although the fact that he had done so was subsequently remembered against him), but his abrupt and wholly unexpected secession to the Romish communion. He might, like Moses, have broken all the Ten Commandments at a blow with more hope of ever being forgiven by his stern brother-in-law. His wife, who shared his change of faith, and possibly caused it, was well aware of that; so it must be assumed that her convictions were strong. Be that as it may, she got nothing more from the incensed Samuel, save a solemn and elaborate written anathema, nor did the extreme poverty to which she and her husband were soon reduced avail to soften the heart of that outraged Protestant. What would have become of the luckless pair if they had not gone out in a sailing-boat one day and been capsized and happily drowned, it is impossible to say. Mr. Trevor professed to see the finger of Providence in the fate which overtook them; possibly he was not mistaken. Their child, a mere infant at the time, was taken charge of by the good people at Harbury Vale, and brought up by them as a member of the Church of England; but, notwithstanding this latter circumstance, Mr. Trevor had always declined to see the girl or to recognise her in any way. She was the child of wicked parents, he was wont to say, and those who had chosen to take the responsibility of receiving her into their family circle must accept the consequences of so rash an act. For the rest, she had a little money, inherited from her mother—about £200 a year, it turned out eventually to be—so that the Reverend John and his excellent wife did not consider themselves entitled to any thanks for feeding, clothing and educating her. Now that she was of age, she paid for her food and dressed herself out of the proceeds of her own small fortune. In one sense also she had educated herself; for Veronica Dimsdale was a young woman of marked individuality, who formed her opinions and regulated her course of study at first hand—or thought that she did so. It was, at all events, neither from Uncle John nor from Aunt Elizabeth that she had derived some of the views that she held, and the former was not free from occasional misgivings on her score. The Reverend John did not think it at all desirable that women should know too much, and there were sundry authors whose works he would fain have forbidden his niece to read; but she had quietly argued the point with him, and, as he had not had the best of the argument, he had yielded with a sigh. His own blameless Lizzie and Martha and Deborah had always submitted cheerfully to the existence of an "Index Expurgatorius"; but then they were far more docile, and far less eager for information, than Veronica. That may have been one reason why he could not help finding Veronica's society more stimulating than theirs.

## CHAPTER II.

### VERONICA.

The Harbury Vale Rectory is a low, straggling building, of which the white walls are almost concealed by wistaria, clematis, banksia roses, jasmine and other climbing plants. It stands among green pasture-lands; facing it, and at an almost imperceptibly lower level, flows the broad river, while woods of beech, oak and elm rise gently behind it; so that it is a charmingly pretty place in summer, a frequently flooded place in autumn and winter and an undeniably damp place all the year round. However, it enjoys the advantage of a gravel soil, which may account for the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Dimsdale had successfully reared four children, as well as a niece, during their residence at Harbury Vale, and that their doctor's bill at the end of each year never exceeded a modest total.

Of these four children the two eldest had fulfilled their manifest destiny by espousing curates. Deborah—poor, plain-featured Deborah, for whom no mate had as yet been found—still remained beneath the paternal roof; while Joe, the youngest of the flock, was also for the present at home, and was a walking testimony to the salubrity of his birthplace. Tall, broad-shouldered and well put together, Joe Dimsdale left nothing to be desired in the matter of physique: it was a pity (or, at all events, his mother thought so) that his red hair, his freckled cheeks and irregular features rendered it impossible for anybody to call him good-looking. But Joe himself, who had not yet begun to shave, and who, consequently, seldom examined his countenance in the glass, was very well satisfied with the body in which it had pleased Providence to locate a spirit capable of huge enjoyment. So long as there were hounds to be followed on foot (for the Rectory stables contained but one horse, and to ask that animal to jump over the most insignificant fence would have been much the same thing as asking him to win the Grand National); so long as there were rabbits to be potted and even an occasional partridge to be laid low; so long as Father Thames continued to afford facilities for sculling, canoeing and swimming, the world, in Joe Dimsdale's opinion, was satisfactory enough. Even when there was nothing else to do, there were pretty generally rats to be killed; and on this March morning Joe, assisted by the man-of-all-work and by his broken-haired fox-terrier Nipper, was engaged in killing rats, which is a far pleasanter occupation than composing sermons.

It was in the stable-yard that this necessary process of exterminating vermin was being carried out upon the most approved principles. Joe, with the eager Nipper secured tightly between his legs, was awaiting the moment for each squeaking rat to be released, in turn, by the man-of-all-work from its wire cage. The dog was doing his work admirably, the bodies of the quickly slain lay piled up in the background, and it really seemed a sad pity when only one more victim remained for execution.

"We've come to the last of them, Veronica," said the young fellow regretfully, glancing up at the tall, dark-haired girl who had been a silent spectator of this scientific butchery,



"He's a fine big chap though to finish with. Isn't he making a row about it, too!"

Veronica did not reply; but just at the critical instant, when the rat was set free, she suddenly opened the sunshade, which she had been swinging on one finger, in the dog's face. Away went the rat; away, after a second of natural bewilderment, went Nipper in pursuit; and then there was a brief scene of excitement, terminating—as in that enclosed space it was pretty certain to terminate—in a brilliant victory for the attacking forces.

"Now, what in the world made you do that, Veronica?" asked Joe, in accents which expressed amused curiosity rather than displeasure.

"Impulse, I suppose," answered the girl. "It wasn't much use, was it?"

"No, but it might have been; and if it had you would have grieved me and made Nipper feel ashamed of himself and let a pestilent animal loose upon society. You should think of these things before you act, Veronica; you are far too ready to yield to your impulses."

natural grace of her movements that distinguished her from the common herd and caused most members of the opposite sex to pay her a homage that she did not covet; but nobody had ever had the hardihood to call her beautiful, much less pretty. She had grey eyes, which grew light or dark in obedience to the stirring of her emotions; she had long, dark eyelashes, and, colourless though her face was, she conveyed the impression of being in perfect health. When you had said that you had said all that could be said for her in a physical sense; for her mouth was too large, her nose was of no particular shape, and the outline of her person was rather angular. Her conversation, to be sure, was interesting, because she was in the habit of saying what she thought, and her thoughts were usually original. She read a great deal; she was considered clever; Mr. Mostyn, the great poet, critic and philosopher, had not hesitated to predict that she had a literary future before her.

The same eminent authority had not felt able to use equally hopeful language with respect to Joe, whose future for the moment had become an unknown quantity, owing to

pursuits. Nevertheless, they understood one another, and they were under the not altogether erroneous impression that nobody else understood either of them. Thus, although they were constantly disputing, they never quarrelled; and the discussion upon which they were now engaged was conducted in an entirely amicable spirit.

"That is all very well, Joseph," remarked Veronica, resting her elbows upon the railing and swinging her sunshade to and fro above the turbid water, "but you will never persuade me that killing is not cruel. You would think it atrociously cruel if a race of creatures much bigger and better armed than yourself were to amuse themselves by hunting you to death."

"Never said it wasn't cruel, my dear," returned Joe, who had seated himself sideways upon the fence and had lighted a short black pipe; "I only said it was necessary. Do you suppose sheep and oxen like being slaughtered for your dinner?"

"Well, you know, I did try being a vegetarian for several months, and I only gave it up because Uncle John's arguments about manure seemed to be unanswerable. I grant you



*Just at the critical instant, when the rat was set free, she suddenly opened the sunshade in the dog's face.*

The girl laughed a little. She was evidently upon terms of mutual comprehension with her companion, and saw that he was only trying to be funny because he was afraid of having distressed her. "Come down to the river," she said abruptly; "there are no rats there."

"Oh! aren't there, though!" Joe returned.

"Well, I don't so much mind in the case of water-rats; they have at least a chance for their lives. But the whole thing—everything that goes by the name of sport—is brutal and horrible."

It was impossible for Joe Dimsdale to let such a sweeping assertion as that pass unchallenged. Sincere as his affection and admiration for his cousin were, he felt bound to explain that sport is ennobling, not degrading, and he argued the point with her while they strolled across the grass towards that fence on the bank of the river where they had held many previous colloquies of a more or less desultory character. Veronica and Joe had always been friends, although they differed in temperament almost as much as they did in appearance. Veronica was one of those somewhat rare human beings who, without actual beauty of form or feature, have a personal attractiveness which defies analysis. It may have been her voice, which was low-pitched and had odd breaks in it; it may have been the clear pallor of her complexion or the

his repeated failures to pass the requisite examinations for admission into the Army. Yet Joe, too, was clever in some ways, being singularly observant and often shrewd in his judgments of men and things. "But what," his father would pertinently ask, "is the use of qualities which cannot be turned to any practical account? What is the use of knowing the note of every bird that flies, and being acquainted with the whereabouts of every fox's earth within twenty miles, and being able to rattle off the pedigree of any hound in England at a moment's notice? To have acquired such information implies great diligence and a carefully cultivated memory; yet when you lay an examination-paper before the fellow and put a simple question to him about subjects which he has been studying for months, he'll declare that he has forgotten all about it."

It was natural enough that Mr. Dimsdale should think his son very unsatisfactory, and scarcely surprising that the neighbourhood at large should find itself in sympathetic agreement with Mr. Dimsdale; but Veronica was always ready to take up the cudgels on Joe's behalf. There was scarcely a subject upon which these two thought alike; the one was prone to be poetical and visionary, the other, despite his inability to adapt himself to the conditions of his lot, was eminently practical; they had not the same friends, nor did they follow the same

that the whole scheme of Nature is cruel and that we are bound to prey upon one another; but there is all the difference in the world between slaying to support life and slaying for the mere pleasure of shedding blood."

"Veronica," said Joe, removing his pipe from his lips and pointing it at her didactically, "I will tell you something which, being a woman, you can't know. Man is by nature a bloodthirsty animal, and unless you provide him with some legitimate outlet for his instincts, the odds are that he will play Old Harry with himself and everybody else. Of course, when I say man, I mean *men*, not abnormal beings, like your friend Mr. Mostyn and a few others, who can get along quite comfortably upon tea and toast and talk—"

"Mr. Mostyn is one of the greatest men of this century," interjected Veronica calmly.

"Very well; he is all that, if you like, and perhaps it isn't his fault that he was born a muff. But you'll allow that he is abnormal. Goodness only knows what sort of a ruffian the ordinary, everyday Englishman, such as your humble servant, would develop into if he were forbidden to kill birds and beasts and fishes in a skilful and sportsmanlike style."

"I can't quite see how you reconcile those sentiments with your love of animals," Veronica remarked.

"I don't," answered Joe with a grin; "I leave them to



reconcile themselves as best they can, like predestination and free-will and a heap of other contraries which manage to run in double harness somehow or other. All that I can tell you is that I do love animals and I do like shooting and fishing, when I can get the chance. I ain't a murderer, but if only I could have passed those blessed exams., I, expect I should have liked fighting too."

Veronica made no immediate rejoinder, but continued to gaze down reflectively at the river. Her cousin's last words had given another turn to her thoughts, and she did not deem it necessary to explain to what she was alluding when, after a time, she remarked, "It's a dreadful pity!"

"Yes, it's a pity," the young fellow agreed, "but there's no good in crying about it. I did my best—though nobody but you will ever believe I did—and I was beaten. It wouldn't make other people happier to be told how disappointed I am. In fact, I suspect I should deprive them of their only solace if I forced them to sympathise with me instead of groaning over me."

Veronica laughed. She had a loud, abrupt, but not unmelodious laugh, which she never attempted to repress,

that you might have broken the sad intelligence more gently. And please, m'm, does the paper say anything about deceased's will?"

"Don't be indecent, Joe," remonstrated Mrs. Dimsdale, smothering a laugh. "He really was a good man, according to his lights—at any rate, many people thought so—and he was a connection of ours by marriage, you know. No; of course there is nothing about the will yet."

Veronica, who had been glancing at the obituary panegyric of which a portion has already been quoted, handed the newspaper back to her aunt and remarked: "I can tell you how he has disposed of his property; Mr. Horace Trevor inherits everything."

"Not quite everything, dear," corrected Mrs. Dimsdale. "There are sure to be charitable bequests; and your aunt Julia, I believe, obtained a promise from her brother that you should receive a substantial legacy."

"Did she?" asked Veronica, indifferently. "I don't think I want it. I have quite as much money as I need."

"In that case, my dear," observed Joe, "you probably stand alone amidst the greedy inhabitants of an over-populated

was delivered to Veronica, which she opened and perused with feelings of stupefaction rather than of exultation—

"*Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., March 18, 189—.*

"*Madam,—We are instructed by the executors of the late Mr. Samuel Trevor to inform you that, under his will, you succeed to his estate of Broxham Hall, in the county of Norfolk, together with personally, of which the exact amount cannot at present be ascertained, but which, we may say, will probably exceed one hundred thousand pounds (£100,000). As you will, no doubt, wish to be placed in possession of further particulars, and as it is desirable that we should have a personal interview with you, may we beg that you will favour us with a call at an early date? Or, should you prefer it, our Mr. Walton will wait upon you at your present residence. We are, Madam, your obedient servants,*

"*WALTON, JOHNSON, HOPKINS and Co., Solicitors.*"

Veronica read the above letter through several times, with increasing bewilderment. Then she handed it over to the Rector, who had noticed the superscription and had been surveying her inquiringly over his spectacles.



"DON'T YOU WAKE!"

From a Photograph by Ralph W. Robinson, R.M.S.

and which sometimes escaped her at inappropriate moments. "Perhaps you would," she said. "And what will you do now?"

"Well, I was thinking of a land agency. I believe it's what I'm best fitted for. Either that or emigration."

"Oh, I can't let you emigrate!" exclaimed Veronica, hastily. "What should I do without you?"

"The great and good Mostyn would remain in England for your comfort and consolation."

"Joseph, there are times when you disgust me! Oh, dear! I wish Uncle Trevor would die and leave me all his estates. Then I would make you my agent at once."

It was at this dramatically opportune juncture that Mrs. Dimsdale, with a knitted shawl flung over her shoulders, the *Times* in her hand, and a voice attuned to the melancholy circumstances, stepped out from this adjacent shrubbery to say: "Veronica, dear, I have been looking for you everywhere. I am sorry to tell you that your poor uncle is gone. Here is the announcement of his death. I daresay you would like to see what they say about him."

Joe produced a very large silk pocket-handkerchief and held it before his eyes, sobbing aloud. "Oh!" he moaned; "this is hard to bear! So righteous, so benevolent, so fondly affectionate to his nearest relatives! And then to be cut off, without the least warning, at the comparatively early age of eighty-something! I do think, mother,

world. But I have always maintained that you are unique. As for me, who am no better than I should be, I trust you will excuse my reminding you of what you were saying just now, and if you should find that you have come in for a trifle of twenty or thirty thousand pounds which you don't need, nothing will give me greater satisfaction than to relieve you of the burden."

But even Mrs. Dimsdale's sanguine anticipations did not rise above the half, or more probably the quarter of such a sum, and in truth there was little reason to expect that Mr. Trevor, the most obstinate and unforgiving of men, would prove to have recognised posthumous obligations towards one with whom, during his lifetime, he had steadily refused to have anything to do. Mrs. Dimsdale wrote a letter of quasi-condolence to Mrs. Mansfield, the only surviving sister of the deceased philanthropist, but received no reply, and after a few days hope died away within her breast. It was disappointing, but it was of a piece with that horrid old man's conduct (he was a horrid old man, again, now) from first to last. "And, after all," concluded Mrs. Dimsdale, in her optimistic way, "Veronica is certain to marry well, which will answer all the purpose. Perhaps, if she had come into a little fortune all to herself now, she would only have done something dreadfully foolish with it before she could have been stopped."

Then, one morning, a letter, addressed in a clerkly hand,

"Uncle John," she said, "will you look at this, please, and tell me whether it is genuine or not? I hope it is only a stupid practical joke."

Mr. Dimsdale was a good deal amused at the time by what struck him as being the oddest comment he had ever heard in his life upon a piece of extraordinary good luck; yet subsequent events led him more than once to doubt whether the late Mr. Trevor had not in truth meant to perpetrate a grim jest at the expense of sundry survivors by bequeathing money and lands to an utterly inexperienced girl.

(To be continued.)

## THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

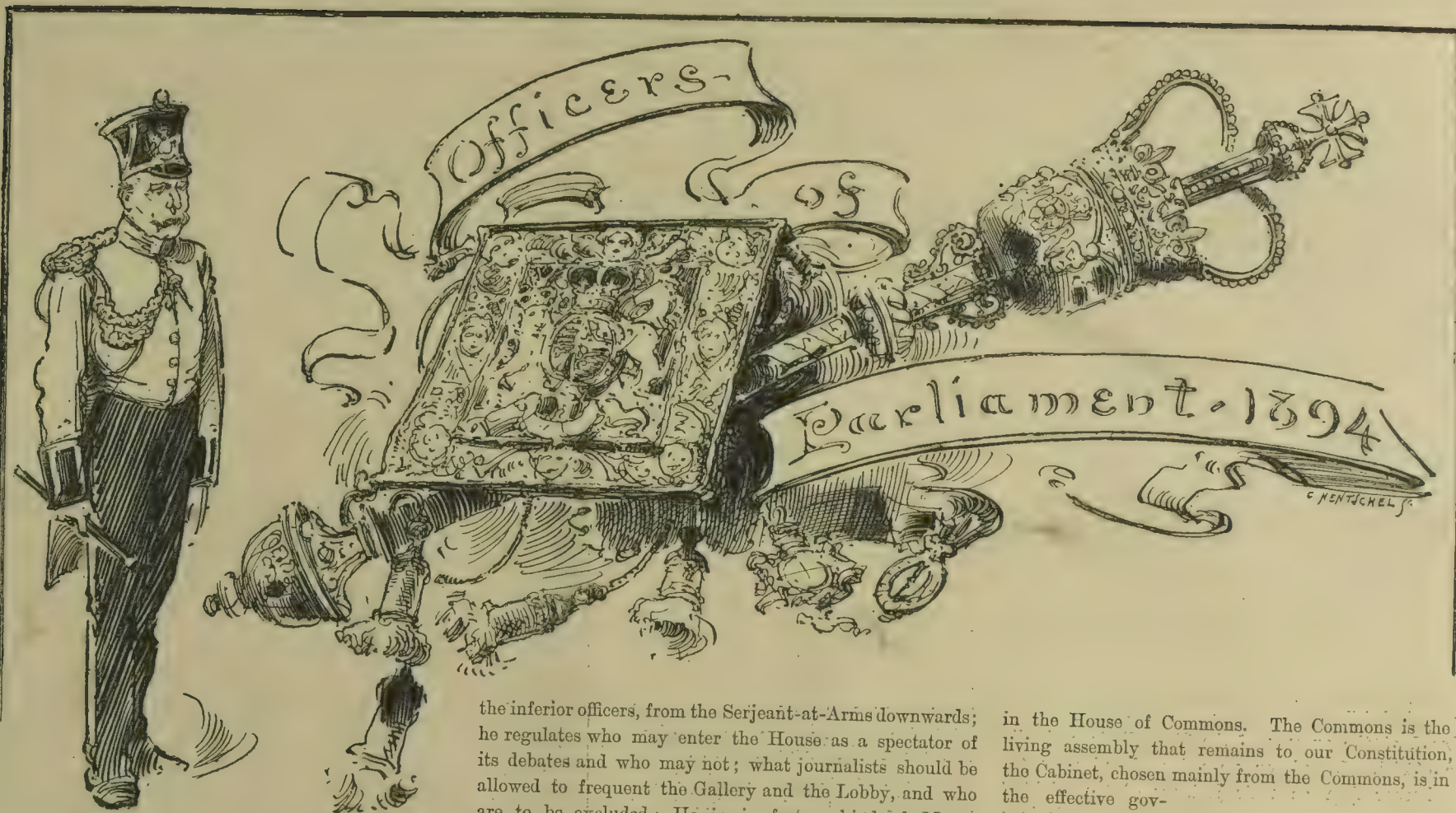
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THERE is all the difference in the world between the two Houses of Parliament so far as their official appanage is concerned. The House of Lords has all the cakes and ale, the House of Commons has most of the work. You have only to examine the list of salaries of the two Houses to discover how much more advantageous a thing it is to have to wait on the Peers, with their easy familiar ceremonial, their rare sittings, and their habit of managing everything by tradition rather than by hard and fast rule, than to live laborious nights and days in the service of the Commons. Virtually, Parliament has two presidents: the Lord Chancellor is Chairman of our Senate, the

Speaker of our popular Assembly. The Lord Chancellor gets £10,000 a year, and sits, perhaps, once for a dozen times that the Speaker is perched in his queer little throne with the huge canopy above it. True, only £4000 of this is assigned to the Lord Chancellor in his capacity as Speaker to the Peers, while the rest goes to him in his position as Judge. Even

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES: RT. HON. J. W. MELLOR.

then it is a much better thing to get £4000 a year for little or nothing than to have £5000 for one of the most laborious tasks known to the Government of the Empire. In proportion as the Lord Chancellor has so much the easier job—if so common a word may be used of so august a function—he has the smaller responsibility. The Speaker is the supreme authority over order in the Commons. He can suspend a member; he can stop the Prime Minister on a point of procedure; he can close a debate; he can decide the most momentous constitutional question by a few words spoken in private conference behind the chair. It is his word alone which, when half-a-dozen members attempt to catch the august eye, decides who is to speak and who is to sit down; he commands all

the inferior officers, from the Serjeant-at-Arms downwards; he regulates who may enter the House as a spectator of its debates and who may not; what journalists should be allowed to frequent the Gallery and the Lobby, and who are to be excluded. He is, in fact, a kind of Mayor of the Palace of Westminster. His constitutional functions have continuously enlarged with the monopoly of power which has more and more come to reside

in the House of Commons. The Commons is the only living assembly that remains to our Constitution, and the Cabinet, chosen mainly from the Commons, is in turn the effective governing body of the empire; but the Speaker overrules the Cabinet on points which may be vital to its policy and which may either enhance or discredit its authority in the House.

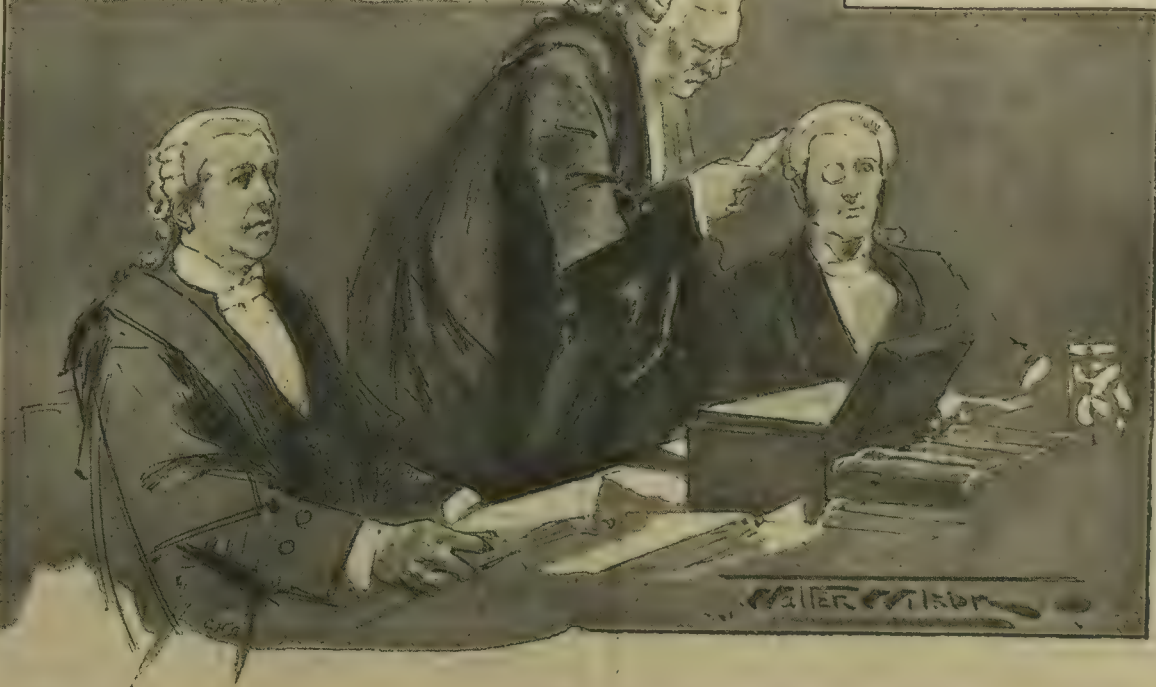
Compare these things with the Lord Chancellor's functions. The Lord Chancellor has an uncommonly easy berth of it, but he has also a rather awkward part to play. He cannot

resolve a single point of order. If two noble lords rise at the same time, and if neither will give way, there is but one way out of the difficulty—a division, in which peers may vote for one or the other of the competing orators. The Chancellor has nothing whatever to say to it. The liberty of speech which he enjoys as compared

with the silence enjoined on the Speaker—absolutely when he is in the chair, and virtually when the House is in Committee—is



MR. WOODCRAFT, OF THE PRESS GALLERY.



THE SPEAKER (RT. HON. A. W. PEEL) AND THE CLERKS OF THE HOUSE (SIR R. F. D. PALGRAVE, MR. A. MILMAN, AND MR. F. D. G. JENKINSON).





THE CHAPLAIN: THE VEN. ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

purchased at the expense of the Chancellor's authority as an official. Indeed, on no point of order are the Lords keener than on their jealousy of the slightest extension of the Lord Chancellor's powers. He is, in a word, regarded as a mere member of the Ministry combining certain vague duties to the gilded Chamber itself. He can speak from the side of the woolsack when he presides or from the Ministerial bench when the Lords are in Committee, and he is heard with the customary indifference with which one peer listens to his brethren. In the Commons everybody, under terrific but unknown penalties, has to address himself personally to the Speaker. In the Peers the audience is both actually and nominally "Your Lordships." The Chancellor is a mere item—a distinguished item, it is true—of the general assembly.

Much the same truths apply to the inferior officials of the House of Lords and the House of Commons. The Lords have the dignity, the Commons have the power. Take, for instance, the positions of Mr. Graham, the Clerk of the Parliaments,



SPEAKER'S SEC.: MR. E. PONSONBY. ASSIST. SERJEANT: HON. E. H. LEGGE.

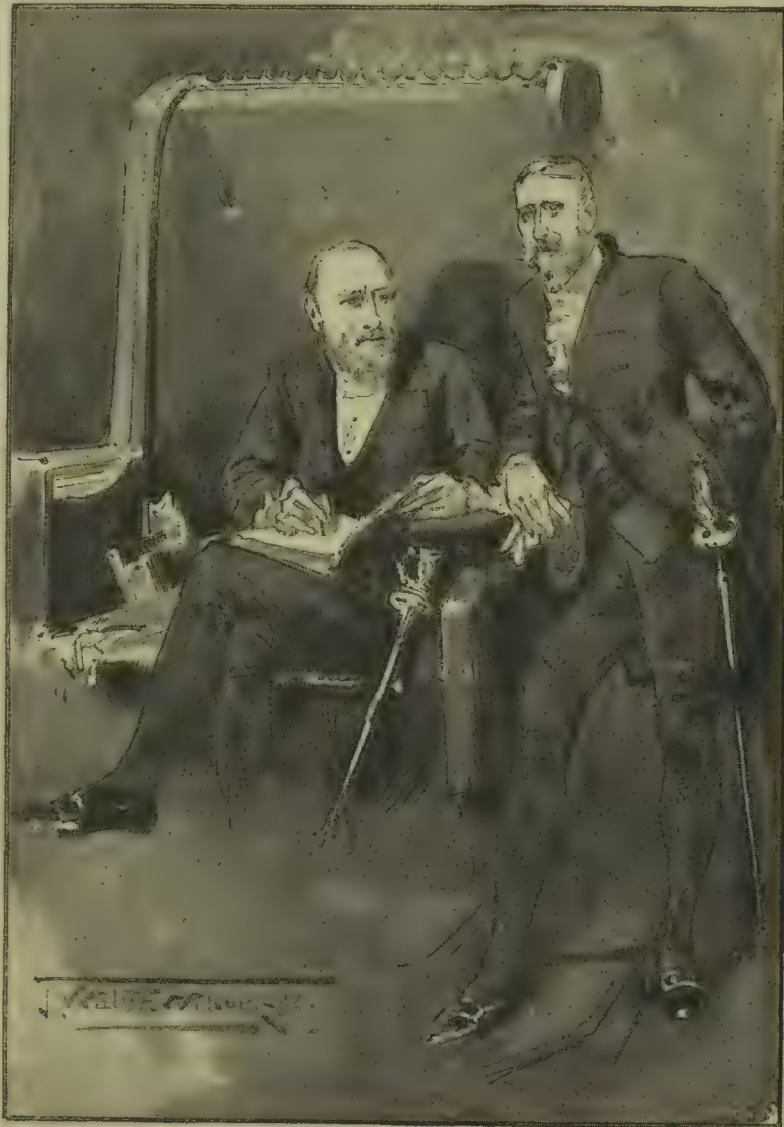
at £3000 a year, and Sir Reginald Palgrave, chief Clerk of the Commons, at £2000. Mr. Graham is nominally Sir Reginald Palgrave's superior, but his constitutional duties are trifling compared with the weight of responsibility which rests on Sir Reginald's shoulders. Mr. Graham communicates royal messages to the House, swears in new peers, and assists at the gorgeous little ceremonials which still give an air of somewhat faded beauty to the gilded Chamber. Sir Reginald, with his modest seat below and to the right of the Speaker, exercises all the functions that correspond to Mr. Graham's. It is he who meets the new member advancing to the table, tenders him the necessary Bible, proffers him the customary roll to sign, and hands him on to Mr. Peel for the official shake-hands which completes his introduction to the House of Commons. But these ceremonial duties merely touch the fringe of Sir Reginald's functions. It is he who is the Speaker's prime adviser in all matters of precedent, it is he whom Mr. Peel consults when he is in the chair and questions of order

arise. In Committee his place is taken by Mr. Milman, the second clerk, a keen, bowed, ascetic-looking man, whose knowledge of the endless ins and outs of Parliamentary procedure is second to that of no living person. Between them these two gentlemen, with their power of trimming the rough drafts of questions submitted by members, embrace within their grasp a good many of the nicer points of constitutional policy.

Equally fruitful is the contrast between Lords and Commons when one considers the chief executive officials of the two Houses. Both have their Serjeants-at-Arms, but who hears of Colonel Talbot, amiable and tactful gentleman as he is, in the same sense as one hears of Mr. Erskine? No one imagines for a moment that Colonel Talbot is ever likely to have to arrest a recalcitrant lord, convey him to the Clock-Tower, remove him from the precincts, or do any of the things which in these turbulent days may very well fall to the precise Mr. Erskine's lot. Genial, friendly, companionable Captain Gosset, whose memory everybody loves, had actually to discharge these duties on the portly person of the late Mr. Bradlaugh and on some less considerable "items" of the popular Assembly. Moreover, Mr. Erskine has special and not altogether agreeable duties in connection with the Press. He is a kind of mechanical censor of the gentlemen whose lot it is to do their work, whether of criticism or report, within the precincts of the House of Commons. To him the name or the quality of every journalist who enters the Gallery (though not the Lobby, which is under the more direct control of the Speaker) is submitted, and he can, with the Speaker's assent, exclude anybody whom he deems to have offended against the canons of good conduct. In one instance, at least, an attempt was made to extend his power to something like a genuine censorship, but the ill-success of that manoeuvre is not likely to encourage its repetition. Withal, Mr. Erskine, though an upright and honourable man, is, perhaps, a trifle over dour and strict for the easy social air of the House of Commons. More pleasant and less open to criticism are his functions with regard to the admission of strangers. In the main strangers obtain their permits directly through members but indirectly through Mr. Erskine. The Serjeant-at-Arms, sitting in his little box to the left of the chair and parallel to the bar, issues the orders when there are any to be given to members who desire them, and signs them. When his watch over the House and its precincts ceases for an hour or so, his place is taken by his deputy, Mr. Frank Gosset, the genial son of a friendly father. On one occasion lately, when both the Speaker and the Serjeant-at-Arms were ill, Colonel Legge, Mr. Erskine's assistant, had to officiate for his chief. Finally, it is the Serjeant-at-Arms who advances with a series of low bows to the table when the Speaker leaves the chair and the Chairman of Committees takes his place, removes the mace from the table, and bestows it in its niche beneath. And it is the Serjeant-at-Arms who, mace on shoulder, precedes the Speaker in those solemn little diurnal processions through the long corridors into the inner lobby, and so to the House, which usher in every sitting of the Commons of England.

The Chairman of Committees acts, of course, as President of the House when it forms itself into a Committee for considering either the Estimates or the Budget, or the Committee stages of a Bill. But though his functions are extremely important and his salary is, at least, adequate, the Chairman of Committees possesses none of the ceremonial and constitutional qualities that surround the Speaker's name and office. He wears no full flowing wig, no sweeping robes, no silk stockings, and no shoe-buckles. Simple evening dress is his invariable attire, even when he has to occupy the chair in the Speaker's absence from illness. When he has to preside over Committee, his place is among the clerks on the long bench in front of the chair. Members address him by name, and unless he is a

very strong man he does not get anything like the deferential humility with which the august Mr. Peel is approached. Probably no Chairman of recent years has been on occasions treated with scantier courtesy than Mr. Mellor. His gentle unemphatic voice, his mild presence, his imperturbable good temper are hardly enough in themselves to keep prolixity within bounds and obstruction and ill-temper at arm's length. The shocking scene on the floor of the House, when, for a few brief moments and on one side of the chair at least, the House of Commons was turned into a raging Bedlam, was the final result of the dangerous process of letting members go just a little too far. Nothing of this kind ever happened when Mr. Courtney, Mr. Mellor's predecessor, was in the chair. Mr. Courtney is the most kindly of men, but he has a strong voice, a firm temper, and a love of having his own



SERJEANT-AT-ARMS: MR. H. D. ERSKINE. DEPUTY SERJEANT: MR. F. R. GOSSET.

way. In these latter qualities he was surpassed by the late Mr. Dodson, the strange figure which now flits about the House of Lords under the name of Lord Monk Bretton. Mr. Dodson never argued a point, but if a member did not appreciate his ruling he roared him down with a voice that would have done credit to a Channel pilot. The process was almost invariably effectual, and Mr. Dodson's Chairmanship of Committees was an unexampled success.



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## ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

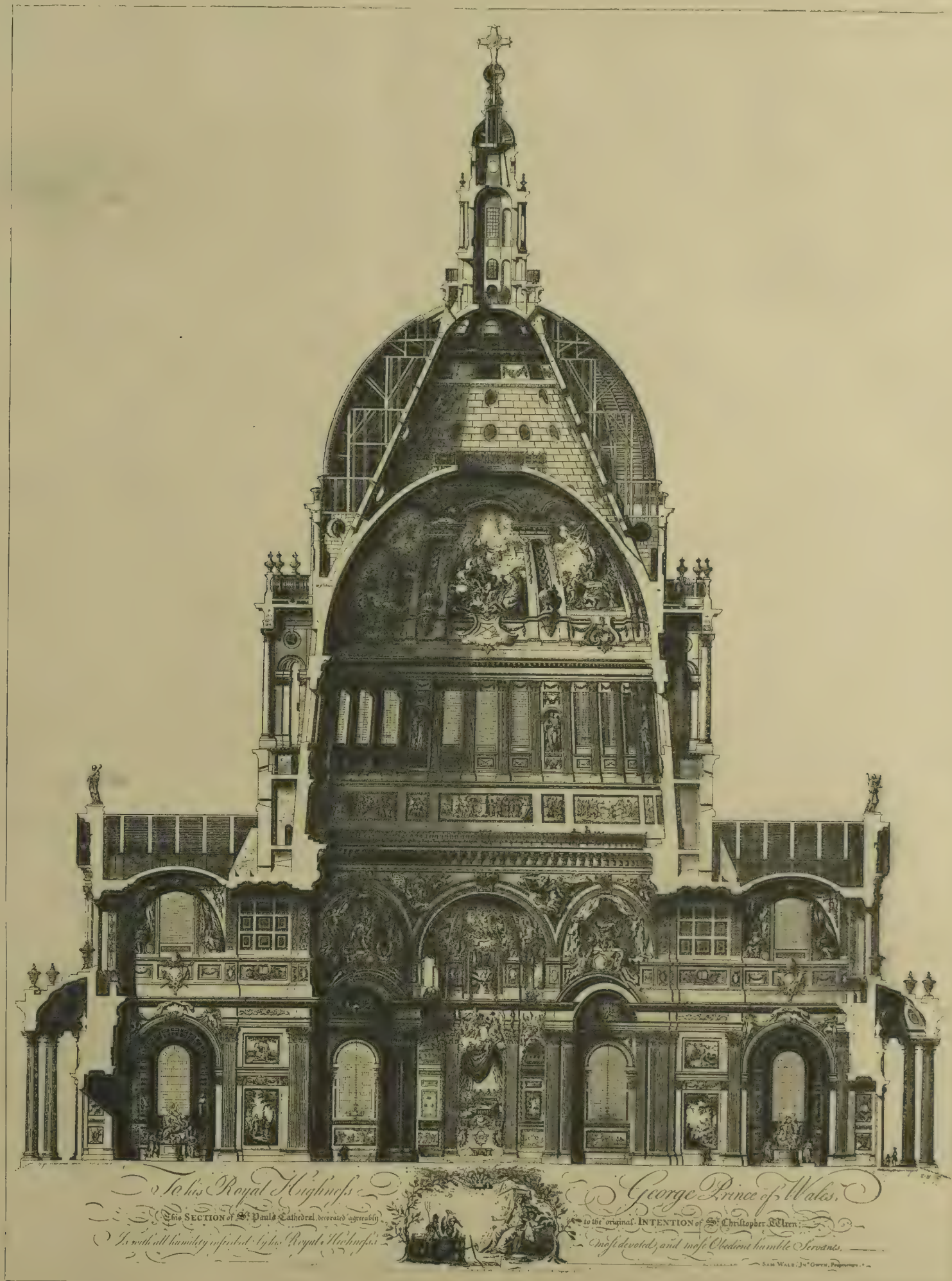
BY PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.

Macaulay, in one of his characteristic dissertations to a dinner party, got on the subject of church architecture in its relation to religion. The Tractarians were then on the scene. Macaulay rhetorically exaggerated their predilection for Gothic architecture into a belief that you could not preach or pray in any but a Gothic church. He then demolished them by reference to the practice of the Fathers. Did St. Chrysostom, he triumphantly asked, preach and pray in a Gothic church? Did Gregory Nazianzen?

half ironical. "The elegant Pagan" is Carlyle's sobriquet for the Pope who built St. Peter's.

The religious poetry and mystery of a mediæval cathedral are wanting to St. Paul's. This does not prevent it from being, in its way, a superb work of genius. Its majesty and beauty strike one more than ever when they are seen again after the lapse of many years. Its sublimity is rather enhanced by the murky atmosphere above which it soars. Its exterior, surely, is superior to that of St. Peter's, though St. Peter's has a far finer approach, with its noble colonnade. The interior of St. Paul's cannot vie with that of St. Peter's in luminous immensity, still

monuments there are not a few which nothing short of macadamisation could reconcile to good taste and sense, though they hardly approach in colossal offensiveness some tombs of the Popes. The athletic statue of Dr. Johnson, among the rest, calls loudly for the hammer. To me, I confess, no statue appears perfectly appropriate to a church unless it be recumbent in the repose of death or kneeling in the attitude of devotion. But in a classical edifice, a temple rather than a church, such rules of religious sentiment may not hold. In one or two of the recumbent statues at St. Paul's there is a sort of attempt to compromise between life and death, the effect of which



THE INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, SHOWING SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN'S PROJECTED DECORATION.—(From an Old Print.)

Did Augustine? Did Ambrose? Why, then, were we to be told that the Gothic style was essential to worship? So he discoursed, riding on the wings of rhetoric and displaying the stores of his miraculous memory. But the reasoning was rather triumphant than conclusive. Perhaps if Chrysostom and the rest had seen the Gothic style they would have preferred it. At all events, our religious ideas have become identified with it. A cathedral in the Classical style strikes us as an anomaly. If we had our choice now between Old St. Paul's and Wren's Renaissance temple, we should probably vote back Old St. Paul's. The art of the Renaissance was Pagan, or, at least, uneclesiastical, and where it is made to serve ecclesiastical purposes, whether in architecture or in painting, the service is reluctant and

less in decorative art. Yet the sense of magnitude, as you stand under the dome of St. Paul's, seems not inferior, while the general impression, I should say, is more religious. All Protestant cathedrals, and Protestant churches generally, labour under the awkwardness of being constructed on a model adapted to the purposes of Roman Catholic worship. But you have a magnificent auditory or choir for multitudinous voices in the dome of St. Paul's.

As a national shrine, and a shrine of the British race throughout the world, St. Paul's can never compete with Westminster. Yet it is considerable as a Pantheon, and must become more so as the number of claimants for national canonisation increases, unless the project of an overflow Westminster is carried into effect. Of the

is perplexing and not good. The Duke of Wellington's monument is praised by those whose judgment it would not become me to dispute. But its form connects him with the heroes of an era and a character far unlike his own, and I preferred the simple sarcophagus of red granite. The recent decorations at the east end, if they are a fulfilment of Wren's design, must be right, though they seem rather pale, and Wren may have reckoned on a different atmosphere. Till they are extended to the whole Cathedral they will unavoidably appear a patch. That the project of mural paintings formed a century ago was laid aside is little matter for regret if two of the painters were to be West and Angelica Kauffmann. The work was far better left for Sir Frederick Leighton and his compeers.



BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH.

BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S.

BISHOP OF OXFORD.

BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL. BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

BISHOP OF EXETER. BISHOP OF CHESTER.

BISHOP OF LINCOLN. BISHOP OF MANCHESTER. BISHOP OF ELY.

BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD. BISHOP OF BANGOR.

BISHOP OF LEANWORTH.

BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.



BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM.

BISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

BISHOP OF NEWCASTLE.

ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

BISHOP OF LONDON.

BISHOP OF DUREM. BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER.

BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

BISHOP OF ST. ALBANS. BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS: PEERS SPIRITUAL.



## THE HOUSE OF ODYSSEUS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The crowning moment of one of the greatest poems in the world is, practically, unintelligible. We all understand that Odysseus came home, found about a hundred young blades living at rack and manger in his dwelling, got possession of his huge bow, leaped on to "the great threshold," and shot them from that place of vantage. But what was the great threshold? Where was the hero standing? Suppose a college hall, with the high table running across the top, at the inner end. Did Odysseus shoot from the inner end, and if so, why did the defeated wooers not run out into the quadrangle, bar the door, and burn the hall down? But if he were standing at the open door, and guarding that, how did he get thither? Homer never tells us that. Again, there was a way out of the hall; an accessible and practicable way, but nobody made his escape thereby. The more one thinks of it the more one is puzzled, till one is almost driven to believe that the greatest of poets, in his intensest moment, the moment so long prepared and so anxiously waited for, had no clear vision of what he described. Even if we could see the house by a feat of clairvoyance, I doubt if the description would seem more intelligible than most accounts of battles. Those, as General Marbot confessed, he never could understand, even when he had been in the battle himself.

There are some things about this mysterious hall which we know for certain. You entered from the enclosed courtyard, and you crossed a threshold made of ash-wood. At the top of the hall was the table where the chief sat. Behind him was a wall with doors in it, and these doors led into the women's chambers. Between these chambers and the chief's table was another threshold, called "the stone threshold," which was probably elevated, like a dais, above the body of the chamber, where the guests sat. The fireplaces in an old Northern hall ran down the middle of the room, but in the Homeric hall the hearth seems to have been at the upper end. Here Penelope sat down to warm herself when she entered the chamber from the women's part of the house. We hear nothing of the chimney. Was there any chimney, or did the smoke that blackened the rafters merely escape by a hole in the roof or by openings between the wall and the roof? Somewhere within, and behind the hall, there was an armoury and treasure-chamber. There were passages, *laure*, running to the inner chambers from without, along, but outside of the walls of the hall.

Now let us try to see what happened. The wooers had been trying, unsuccessfully, to bend the bow. It was then brought to Odysseus, and we know that he was sitting at the inmost end of the hall, at the chief's table, "beside the threshold of stone," where he had "a little table" (xx. 258). Thence he performed the feat of skill, shooting through the axe-heads towards the door. He had given instructions that the doors from the high table to the women's inner rooms should be bolted and barred, to prevent escape by that way, and to hinder his enemies from getting at the shields and spears in the armoury. He achieved the feat of shooting through the axes, and then he uttered a sarcastic threat. On this, his son Telemachus girt his sword about him, took his spear in hand, "and stood by his high seat at Odysseus's side, armed with the gleaming bronze" (xxi. 432-434).

There is no possibility of doubt that father and son were now side by side, in the inmost portion of the upper end of the hall, looking towards the open door. What followed? Did they march together down the hall to the doorway? This would have been an important movement, and could not have escaped attention. Such a movement no poet, above all, Homer, could have left undescribed. But not a word is said about it. We only read, first, that Telemachus stood armed beside his father, "at his high seat," and then (xxii. 1) "Odysseus stripped him of his rags"—he was disguised as a beggar—"and leaped on the great threshold, with his bow and quiver full of arrows, and poured forth all the swift shafts there before his feet," and thence shot the chief of his enemies. To my mind, the "great threshold" can have been nothing but the threshold of stone, at the inmost end of the hall, beside and below which the hero had been seated. It needs no scholarship to understand this—the plain words admit of no other meaning. It is suggested to me that the words translated "leaped on to the great threshold" mean "bounded along to the great threshold" at the door of entrance. But the stone threshold was the great threshold, as compared to that made of ash-wood. Moreover, even if we grant that the poet said "he bounded along to the threshold at the open door," what becomes of Telemachus? He is not said to have "bounded" anywhere. He is left standing at his high seat.

The shooting now begins in earnest; several fall, having no shields. Then Telemachus proposes to go to the armoury and bring shields, spears, and helmets for himself, his father, and two faithful servants. He does so. Thus far all has been clear. But how, we ask, did Telemachus get to the armoury? Say he was at the inner end of the hall; the doors at that end were barred from within, unless only the women's doors were barred, and the door in the passage leading to the armoury was left open. This may have been the case. Orders had only been given that the door of the women's chamber should be locked

(xxi. 380-387). But, if this was not the case, Telemachus and his father must have been in the doorway at the lower end of the hall leading into the court, and he must have entered the armoury by a side passage thence.

This is pretty plainly the poet's view, for he tells us that, when all the arrows were shot away, the hero "leaned his bow against the doorpost of the hall, against the shining faces of the entrance." Again, there was a postern raised above the floor, "by the topmost level of the threshold." Odysseus set a man to guard this, and one of his enemies proposed that a member of their party should climb up to it, and thence alarm the people in the town. The goatherd (on his side) said that this was impossible; the postern was too near "the doors toward the court." Clearly, then, the poet here conceives Odysseus to be defending the outer door that led into the courtyard. Yet he certainly did not start with this picture in his mind, and perhaps he is not even constant to this picture. The goatherd now climbs up by the *rogai* of the hall, and thence reaches the inner chambers, and brings armour from the armoury. What the *rogai* were nobody knows for certain. Judging by modern Greek, the word meant narrow passages. The hero does not see this "climbing up," but his swineherd, on the raised postern, does see it. Now it is suggested to me, very ingeniously, that the hearth and chimney were in a kind of angle-nook at the inner end of the hall, and that the goatherd, being by profession a cragman, climbed up inside the wide chimney, reached the roof, and let himself in by some opening or other. The two loyal servants followed him, probably by a *laure*, or alley, from without, and tied him up in the armoury.

The fight was now renewed, and spears thrown at Odysseus stuck in the door behind him. But the door, to the outer air, stood hospitably open, and it is not so clear how lances thrown at the hero could stick in it. Finally, the goddess Athene cast a panic on the foes, and they were all massacred. Nobody thought of escaping by the *rogai*, the way Melanthius had taken. They had intended to drive Odysseus "from the threshold and the doorway," but had failed.

Thus the poet seems to have described the whole scene inconsistently. He began by placing his hero in a post of vantage, the high raised stone threshold at the lower end of the hall. He ends by conceiving his hero as guarding the outer door, but how he and his son reached the outer door we are never told. There is certainly a defect of "vision" here, unless we are to suppose the loss of some lines between the end of Book xxi. and the beginning of Book xxii., as the Alexandrian critics divided them. The discoveries made in Homeric papyri, found in Egypt, may make the boldest conservative feel rather uneasy as to whether we really have "Homer as she was wrote," and these perplexities about the house increase our uncomfortable suspicions. But are they more uncomfortable than the hypothesis that Homer, when his vision should have been keenest, did not exactly know what he was describing?

The steam-vessel *Cabo Machichaco*, laden with dynamite, lying at Santander, being considered dangerous, was blown up on March 30 by an electric current from a torpedo-vessel. Thousands of people left the town during this operation.

At the Westminster Police Court on March 28, the magistrate disposed of a summons granted, on the application of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, against M. Georges March, a Frenchman performing at the Royal Aquarium with four lions and a lady, Mlle. Bob Walter, who enters the cage. It was alleged that one of the lions was cruelly beaten during the performance with a heavy whip that made forty or fifty deep cuts in the skin. The magistrate dismissed the summons, on the ground that a lion was not "a domestic animal" within the terms of the Act of Parliament; but the case is to be argued in a higher court of law.

Mr. W. Mather, M.P., has issued to the engineering and machine-making trades a report on a year's experiment with the "forty-eight hours week," without reduction of wages, at the Salford Ironworks. The experiment has been remarkably successful. An increase of 0.4 per cent. in wages cost has been balanced by a saving of the same amount on fixed charges—wear and tear of machinery, fuel, and lighting. The amount earned in piece-work has been not quite 1½ per cent. less than the standard rate with the fifty-three hours week. The firm has been so satisfied with the year's experience that it will continue the forty-eight hours week as a permanent system. The Woolwich authorities have adopted the forty-eight hours week, and the dockyard authorities have determined to take the same course.

Caen, one of the most picturesque cities in Normandy, has so many architectural beauties and historical associations that very few visitors, especially English, find time to visit its Museum. With the exception of a Virgin by Hubert van Eyck, there are few specimens of the Old Masters of which one cannot see the equals in many other galleries. The collection of engravings, however, is perhaps unique, and certainly no provincial museum can boast anything approaching them for richness and variety. They were originally collected by the famous Cardinal Fesch, and certainly display more taste and knowledge than the gallery of pictures formed by the same prelate, and dispensed some years after his death in 1845. The engravings, which numbered nearly thirty thousand, bound in three hundred portfolios, were purchased for a reasonable sum by M. Mancel, a publisher and bookseller of Caen, who at his death bequeathed them to his native town. They are now carefully arranged, and can be seen upon application to the courteous keeper of the Museum; and for those who are interested in French and Italian engravings there is abundant occupation for many an hour.

## WHO WAS "JUNIUS"?

"Junius" Revealed. By his surviving grandson, II. R. Francis. (Longmans.)—If the first Marquis of Lansdowne, better known as Lord Shelburne, had lived a few months longer, there might have been less literature and no mystery about Junius. Shortly before his death, on May 7, 1805, he said to Sir Richard Phillips, "I knew Junius, and I know all about the writing and production of those Letters." He stated that, owing to changes by death and other circumstances, the time had come for removing the seal of secrecy, and he promised that, if he lived over the summer, he would write a pamphlet putting the question regarding Junius "at rest for ever." According to the Marquis of Lansdowne, Junius was dead at the time he spoke. Mr. Francis, who became Sir Philip a year later, was "identified" as Junius by Mr. John Taylor in 1816. Francis left nothing behind him when he died in 1818 conclusively proving that he was the author of the Junian Letters. He never distinctly affirmed that he was their author. He denied their authorship more than once.

In 1816 Dr. Busby published "Arguments and Facts demonstrating that the Letters of Junius were written by De Lolme." Mr. Coventry wrote "A Critical Inquiry," in 1825, "proving" the Letters to have proceeded from the pen of Lord Viscount Sackville; while Mr. Griffin, who espoused the cause of Governor Pownall, wrote "Junius Discovered" in 1854. After the mysterious writer had been identified, demonstrated, and discovered, he is now revealed by Mr. H. R. Francis.

When Mr. Taylor thought that he had "identified" Junius, he had a further problem to solve. He arrived at the conclusion, on what he considered to be evidence, that Junius and Francis were the same. Since he wrote there is no doubt of his being mistaken as to the value of the evidence. When he compared the handwriting of Junius with that of Francis, he found that the two differed in all respects. He overcame this serious obstacle by assuming that the handwriting of Junius was disguised. Since then, all those who have held that Francis must have been Junius allege that the hand is feigned, and that it was that of Francis. They pay no heed to the fact that Junius vehemently appealed to George Grenville, John Wilkes, and Woodfall not to let his handwriting be seen, as his own identity might thereby be disclosed. Whoever heard of a feigned hand disclosing the writer's identity?

Mr. Francis, who now professes to reveal Junius, treats the handwriting as feigned, and he assumes that this was rendered clear in a large volume prepared by the late Mr. Twisleton. Those who have carefully scrutinised that volume will not share Mr. Francis's faith in what is set forth there. The truth is that Mr. Francis, like his predecessors, thinks it sufficient to say that a thing is demonstrated, and they evade the laborious process of proving it to demonstration. He affirms, for instance, that the things and persons which had the entire approval and admiration of Junius had the approval and admiration of Francis; the fact being that the two men differed completely in their views of things and persons. "As you have not got a strawberry-mark on your arm, therefore you are my long-lost brother" is the logic of a character in a well-known farce. There are persons who hold that Francis must be Junius, notwithstanding their dissimilarity in opinions and in handwriting.

Apparently, Mr. Francis is unaware that many persons wrote a hand resembling that of Junius. The reason was that such a form of writing was taught. A copy-book called "England's Penman" was in use when Junius and his contemporaries were learning to write, and one of the varieties of writing in it is that which is known as the Junian hand. Francis wrote an entirely different one. Not a sentence actually written by him in the so-called feigned hand of Junius has ever been produced.

A conclusive way of settling the question would have been to supply from the collection of Francis a copy of the volumes of the Letters which Junius acknowledged that he had received from Woodfall, and some of the many private notes which Woodfall addressed to him. Francis was a collector of books and pamphlets and papers, and a collector seldom, if ever, destroys anything. No trace of the books or of the correspondence was found when Francis died. He left in his desk, addressed to his second wife, a copy of "Junius Identified," and that was the end of the farce. The matter has never been put more forcibly than by Mr. Finlason, whose legal capacity for weighing evidence needs no testimony; and the following words by him ought to be carefully considered both by the readers and the writer of "Junius Revealed": "The real Junius had 'setts' [of the printed Letters] and the private letters. The former, at all events, were meant for preservation, and would not be destroyed by him, at all events till death. The real Junius had them at his death; he either kept them, or destroyed them then. If he kept them they are extant, and their production is the only satisfactory proof. If he destroyed them, it must have been because he did not desire to leave any trace of the authorship, as a passage in his letter implies: 'I am the sole depository of my own secret, and it shall die with me.' In either case Francis cannot have been he. For he clearly did desire (if we can rely on his widow) to leave proofs of the secret. Then why did he not leave the conclusive proof? Anyone might have the books he left; they don't go beyond, and, indeed, refuse to be aided by his final statements. So that it only comes to this—that he said he was the author. But that shows he wished to be so considered; and if he were the author he had the real proofs in his possession, and these he must have suppressed." The volume which Mr. Francis has written abounds in plausible assertions, but "the conclusive proof" that his grandfather was Junius is still wanting, and in its absence his revelation must be classed among the many mystifications concerning the authorship of the letters signed "Junius." Meanwhile, the impartial public ought to be satisfied with the statement of Woodfall "that to his certain knowledge Francis did not write a line of Junius." And, if it were necessary to invoke the authority of a great man, the words of William Pitt, treasured by the Earl of Aberdeen, whose guardian he was, should carry weight. Pitt told him "that he knew the name of the author of the 'Letters of Junius,' and that the author was not Francis."—W. FRASER RAE.



## A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

The Wail of the Eldest Sons in the *Nineteenth Century* is the most conspicuous note of the month's reviews. Here are three young men, members of the House of Commons, who in the course of nature may become peers. They are appalled by the prospect of being snatched against their will from the arena in which they have won some distinction. They compare this imminent doom to the punishment of Persian prisoners who are immured in pillars of clay. They call heaven and earth and common-sense to witness the manifold absurdities of a system which excludes from both Houses Scotch peers who do not happen to be chosen among the representative noblemen of Scotland, while it permits Irish peers who are not similarly chosen for the Upper House to be eligible for election to the Lower. Thus Lord Palmerston remained in the Commons to the day of his death by the simple device of declining to take the oath as an Irish peer, and thus escaping the too affectionate solicitude of his fellow Irish peers who wanted to immure him in the Gilded Chamber. Now, Mr. George Curzon, Mr. St. John Brodrick, and Lord Wolmer clamour for deliverance from the horrid destiny which will banish them to the House of Lords by and by, unless they can persuade the Legislature to pass their modest little Bill for making every peer eligible to sit in the Commons if he chooses to forego absolutely any right to sit in the other House. Surely this appeal will soften the heart even of Mr. Labouchere, all the more because these eldest sons protest, not very effectually, that the success of their scheme would not have the ultimate effect of bleeding the aristocratic assembly to death. In the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Wemyss Reid proposes to abolish the legislative veto of the Peers, vigorously asserting that unqualified supremacy of the Commons which is hinted by the aspirations of the three insurgents against the doom of primogeniture. On the other hand, Mr. G. W. Smalley, in *Harper's*, suggests that the hereditary principle is our only safeguard against "civil convulsion," and invites us to believe that Mr. John Morley meditates a revival of the French Convention, and that if the Radicals have their way no peer's life or property will be secure. Perhaps this will make somebody's flesh creep in Massachusetts, but I don't think any heads in Belgravia are uneasy on their pillows. Interesting sidelights on this question appear in two anonymous articles in the *New Review*. Mr. Gladstone's attitude towards the Peers in his successive Cabinets was delightfully described by one of his old colleagues: "Always down on knees before 'em, except when he's kicking 'em about." There are sympathetic estimates of Lord Rosebery in both these articles, and in the *Contemporary* Mr. H. W. Massingham throws up his hat for the new Prime Minister after a discriminating eulogy of Mr. Gladstone.

By a curious coincidence—or is it destiny?—Mr. Phil Robinson writes about monkeys at the "Zoo" in the *English Illustrated*, and Dr. Louis Robinson discusses in *Blackwood* the mimicry by which facial expression is acquired. Mr. Phil Robinson's monkey, whose intelligent countenance is pictured on this page, says he is thinking hard about something "very particular," though he is not able to state precisely what it is. Now, Dr. Louis Robinson shows that "facial imitation" is almost universal. People who live together grow very much alike owing to the reflex action of the facial muscles in conversation. If some conscientious student would take that intelligent monkey in hand and make faces at him for several hours a day, who knows that the "very particular" idea which for the ambitious animal is laboriously searching might not dawn upon him at last and become the parent of many more of an equally elevated kind? Surely we owe this interesting experiment to our arboreal kinsfolk. I subdue my facial muscles to a befitting gravity when I read in the *English Illustrated* Mr. Le Gallienne's assurance that there is no sex in poetry, and that, however feminine ladies may be when engaged in commonplace occupations, they are in no sense distinct from men when they are making verses. This is a useful hint to the women who claim political equality with men. Let them plead their cause in poems instead of platform speeches, reserving their prose, like Lady Jephson in *Atalanta*, for the "ethics of dress." Economy, says this authority, relates to the quantity of garments, not their quality. In her outer adornment a well-bred woman is "dependent, to a certain extent, upon the reality of its richness." She must not seek to multiply her robes: they ought to be few, but of the finest. This is the way to resist the "ever-increasing evil of extravagance in dress." The possibility of lavish expense even on a small wardrobe is apparently excluded from these "ethics," and the woman who spends a small fortune on the "reality of richness" will be easily persuaded that she is economical. Perhaps this sentiment would carry conviction if it were put into verse. I wonder, by the way, what the admirers of Walt Whitman will say to Mr. Edmund Gosse's estimate in the *New Review* of the "barbaric yawp." It is an admirable piece of criticism, together with a vivid description of

Whitman in his habit as he lived in his little wooden house at Camden. I remember seeing him there in just the same disarray which greeted Mr. Gosse, and hearing him say precisely the same things which that pilgrim to the primitive shrine has recorded. Evidently the bard had a formula for visitors, and went through it with a simplicity which was really rather a subtle art.

It is possible that the English reader has had more than enough of Abraham Lincoln in the *Century*, but in the April number there are some delightful relics of that great man's shrewdness and humour. The notes of a lecture to law students are particularly good reading. Lincoln deplored the popular impression that lawyers were not honest, and he impressed upon his auditors the necessity of integrity in the profession on which they were embarking. They should determine at any cost to be honest lawyers, and if they felt this would be too great a moral strain, let them resolve to be honest "without being lawyers." This counsel may be usefully pondered by students in all professions. In *Cassell's* there is an interesting contribution by Mr. Lyulph Stanley to



THE "ZOO" REVISITED: A CHAT WITH A COMMON MONKEY.  
From the "*English Illustrated Magazine*" for April.

the controversy about the alleged over-education of children. "An Imaginative Woman" in the *Pall Mall* is one of Mr. Hardy's most curious studies of the feminine temperament; and I commend it to Mr. Le Gallienne, as the heroine's habit of writing verses gives a very startling turn to the sexual problem. Another imaginative woman finds a devoted champion in Mr. Lang, who defends Joan of Arc's mysterious inspiration against all comers in the *Monthly Packet*.  
L. F. A.

A handsome Union Jack floated over the Victoria Tower at the Palace of Westminster on Thursday, March 29. The flag is of large dimensions—34 ft. by 17 ft.—so that it will be visible a long distance off on a clear day. It was first seen flying on Jubilee Day, but will now be regularly hoisted when the Houses are in session, giving place to the Royal Standard only when her Majesty is within the precincts of Parliament.

While engaged in painting the front of Mr. Peter Robinson's premises in Regent Street on March 29, three men were thrown to the pavement through the giving way of the appliances by which they were hoisted to the top of the building. Two of the painters were killed, and a third was seriously hurt, while three women were injured by falling pieces of wood.

## ART NOTES.

The Corporation of the City of London know how to do things well, and spare neither pains nor expense in carrying their intentions into effect. The loan collection of pictures just opened at the Guildhall Art Gallery is for variety and value quite the best which has been brought together in that place. Putting aside for a moment the specimens of the Old Masters, English and foreign, the collection may be said to contain the notable pictures of twenty exhibitions of the Royal Academy, and to these have been added others which never found a place upon the walls of that institution. Among the latter are Mr. Holman Hunt's "Finding of Christ in the Temple," Mr. Madox Brown's "Lear and Cordelia," Whistler's Miss Alexander, and others. Of those which have found places at Burlington House or Trafalgar Square are several works with which we are always glad to renew acquaintance—for instance, Mr. Holman Hunt's "Strayed Sheep," which Ruskin praised so highly; Sir John Millais' "Idyll of 1745" and "Sir Isumbras at the Ford"; Mr. Poynter's "Israel in Egypt," by which his reputation was made in 1867; Mr. Orchardson's "Her Mother's Voice," and a score of others which it is needless to name. The older painters of the British school are represented by Reynolds's Duchess of Rutland, Turner's "Marriage of the Adriatic," Landseer's "Monarch of the Glen," Mason's "Evening Hymn," and F. Walker's "Sunny Thames." While among the foreigners, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Terburg, and Van Ostade are a few masters whose art can be seen to advantage. The catalogue provided for the gallery also deserves a word of praise. It not only gives a description of each picture in words, equally useful to the visitor and the future student, but in modern cases it gives an account of its original and actual owner and the places at which it has been exhibited. In years to come, the value of such information as is given in the Guildhall catalogue will be more justly appreciated.

The summer exhibition at the Society of British Artists contains very little either of interest or distinction, if we except Mr. W. B. Richmond's cartoons of the frescoes he is executing for St. Paul's Cathedral. These, moreover, are chiefly attractive as affording a key to the completed works, of which it is now possible to form a fairly accurate idea. The designs for the two "Sibyls"—those strange characters which seemed to belong more to the Pagan than to the Christian hierarchy—are treated with remarkable individuality and beauty by Mr. Richmond, who in these and his other figures lies under the disadvantage of being at every turn compared with the great painters of the Italian Renaissance. It is, therefore, all the more to his credit that he has, throughout his work, managed to show originality without overstepping those limits which, in such work, conventionalism and tradition have imposed.

Among the ordinary pictures on the walls one looks in vain for any trace of the influence of the new school of English painting—as most recently expounded—among the numerous young artists who find in the Suffolk Street galleries their first opportunity of appealing to public taste. If we may judge by the standard of the works hung, that taste at the present moment is decidedly simple and direct. The few painters like Mr. Sauber in his "Anthony and Cleopatra," or Mr. W. Hunt in the "Scarlet Woman of the Revelation," who indulge in imaginative work, are not successful; but in the more poetic treatment of Nature by Mr. J. J. Olsson in her wilder, and by Mr. Arthur Ryle in her softer aspects there is distinct evidence of strength and sense of beauty. For the rest of those who exhibit, the mere skilful handling of the brush seems to have been their sole idea of what was required for a good picture. In this case such a clever bit of work as Mr. Cecil Rea's "Repose" should have occupied a prominent place instead of being hidden below the line. As a rule, the members of the society and their friends display their accustomed facility in execution, and by general consent bear witness in their work to the belief that imagination plays an unimportant part in picture-making.

Mrs. Allingham is too well known and appreciated to need outside aid to popularise her work. She is essentially the painter of Surrey cottage idylls, and manages at all times to make attractive the "simple annals of the poor," at least so far as the outside of their cottages is concerned. In the exhibition of her works now on view at the Fine Art Society's Gallery she has gone further afield in search of subjects, but has not strayed from the methods by which she renders all such scenes of humble life attractive. Even in the cabins of West Donegal, the scene of so much poverty and thriftlessness, she has managed to find bright spots and cheerful exteriors. To those who knew the late Mr. Allingham, the careful study of his birthplace at Ballyshannon cannot fail to be of special interest; and in looking at the humble cottage and its surroundings (in other drawings of the neighbourhood) one seems to catch the reason of the poet's sympathy with the softer side of rustic life. The most novel feature of the present exhibition is the evidence of Mrs. Allingham's capabilities as a figure-painter. The children of West Donegal are often beautiful in the extreme, with no predominant type or complexion, and it would not have been difficult to have found a bright, fair-faced, golden-haired child as distinguished in appearance as the olive-tinted brunette whom Mrs. Allingham took for her model, and on whom she has expended both care and taste. Figure-drawing is for her as new a departure as west of Ireland cabins, and in the rendering of one and the other she has been equally successful.





TABLE D'HÔTE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

FROM THE PICTURE BY A. PEREZ.





ARBITERS OF PEACE AND WAR: THE EMPERORS OF RUSSIA, AUSTRIA, AND GERMANY.



BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Marian Humfrey has written, and Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. have just published, an admirable book on a matter on which Miss Humfrey is prepared by a life of study to give advice—monthly nursing. The new book is entitled "A Manual of Obstetric Nursing," and is primarily intended for professional nurses, but all ladies whose position gives them influence in the management of the new lives that crowd into the world so fast—clergymen's wives, district visitors, and so on—would do well to read carefully through it, for it is not written at all in a technical style, but just gives the practical advice gained in long years of professional study and actual experience by an educated lady, who devoted herself in her youth to this branch of nursing, and has pursued it steadily in a position of responsibility. It is quite a long book, for it goes fully into details, describing as well as words can do even such matters as the proper way to take up a tiny infant so as not to give pain or do injury to the tender frame; it is altogether most useful.

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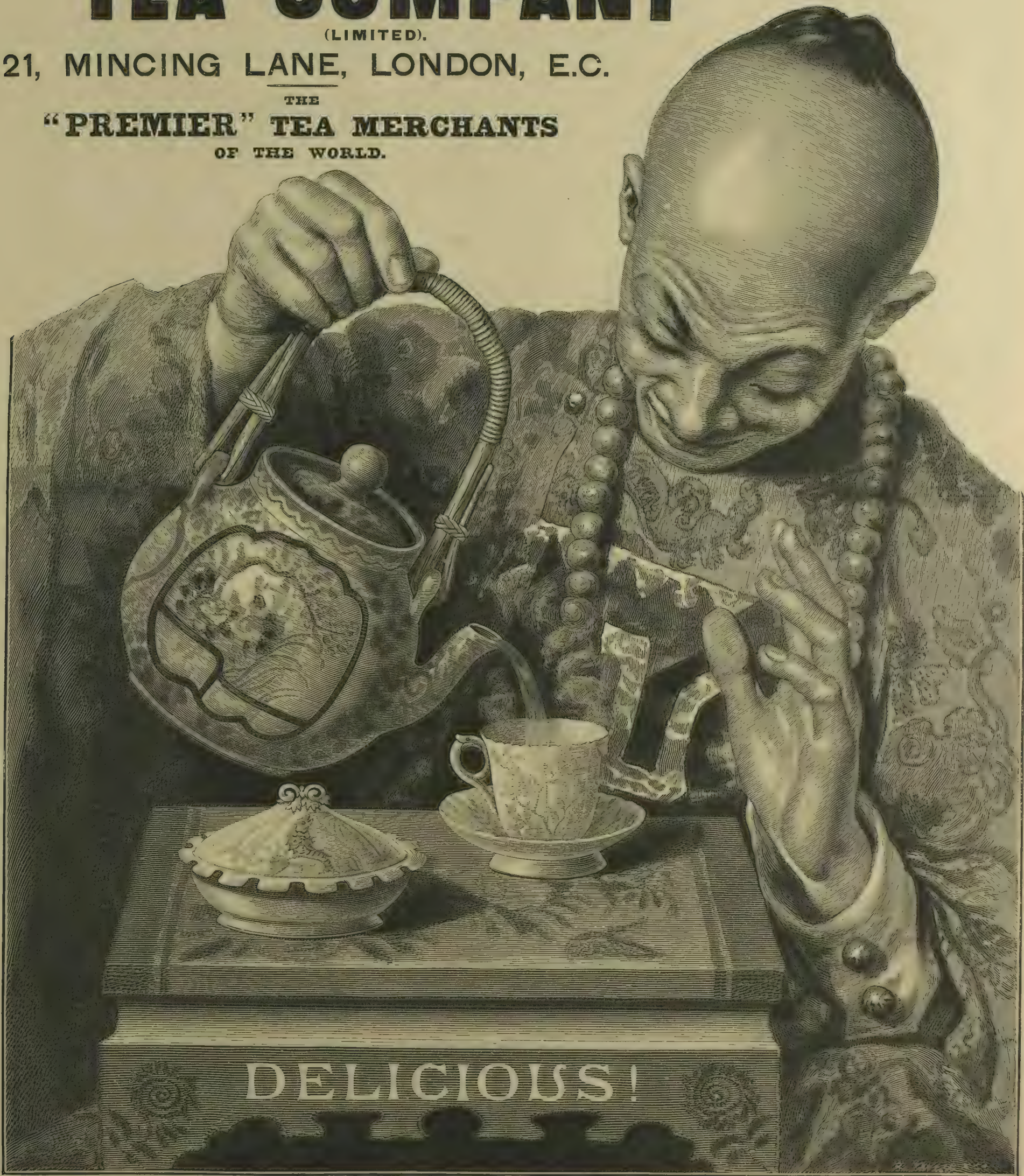
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 6, 1887), with two codicils (both dated June 4, 1892), of Colonel William Stuart, D.L., J.P., of 36, Hill Street, Berkeley Square, and of Tempsford Hall, Bedfordshire, who died on Dec. 21, at Menabilly, Cornwall, has been proved by Henry Esme Stuart, the son, and Thomas Somers Vernon Cocks, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £226,000. The testator gives the Penn chain and medal granted by Parliament to Admiral Sir William Penn, a portrait of William Penn the Quaker, and a group of the Penn family by Sir Joshua Reynolds, an original portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, and the candelabrum presented to him by his constituents at Bedford, to his son William Dugald Stuart; all his real, leasehold, immovable and personal property in Pennsylvania or elsewhere in the United States to his said son William Dugald; all his stocks, shares, and debentures in the Midland Railway, such sum as, with the amount he will become entitled to under his marriage settlement, will make up £30,000, and the Kempston estate, Bedfordshire, with certain plate and books, to his son Henry Esme Stuart; and he makes up the portions of each of his daughters, with what they will receive under his marriage settlement, to £15,000. There are also many legacies to relatives, godchildren, servants, and others. All other his estates and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son William Dugald.

The Irish probato, sealed at Belfast, of the will (dated Oct. 10, 1892), with a codicil (dated Oct. 13, 1893), of Mr. John Campbell, of 22, College Gardens, Belfast, who died on Jan. 4, granted to Harper Campbell and James Campbell, the brothers, Lieutenant-Colonel James Campbell, the nephew, and James Taylor Blackwood, the executors, was resealed in London on March 14, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland exceeding £88,000. The testator bequeaths £50 each to the Belfast Royal Hospital, the Industrial School (Frederick Street, Belfast), the Society for Providing Nurses for the Sick Poor, the Domestic Mission (Stanhope Street, Belfast), and the Society for the Support and Education of Orphans in connection with the various non-subscribing congregations in Ireland; his furniture, plate, pictures, effects (with some few exceptions), horses and carriages, and an annuity of £300 to his wife, Mrs. Isabella Ann Campbell, in addition to the provision made for her by their marriage settlement; and legacies to sisters and other relatives and others. As to the residue of his property, he gives one third each to his brothers, Harper and James; and one third to his nephews, James, Harper, and William Campbell.

The will (executed Jan. 26, 1894), with a codicil (dated Jan. 29 following), of Mr. Thomas Bingham, of Holmfield, Aigburth, Liverpool, corn-merchant, who died on Feb. 1, was proved on March 16 by Thomas Herbert Bingham and James Bennet Bingham the sons, and David Anderson Bingham, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £77,000. The

testator bequeaths £2000 to his son Thomas Herbert Bingham; £500 to him for the purpose of providing for the expenses of his (testator's) household and family; and an annuity of £20 to Elizabeth McCormick, if in his employ at his death. The residue of his property, real and personal, he gives to all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 21, 1891) of Major-General Saunders Alexius Abbott, Retired List Bengal Army, of 2, Petersham Terrace, Queen's Gate, South Kensington, who died on Feb. 7 at Brighton, was proved on March 21 by Mrs. Harriet Margaret Abbott, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £40,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Industrial Home for Crippled Boys (Wright's Lane, Kensington) and the Soldiers' Daughters' Home (Hamstead), and a few other legacies. The residue of his estate and effects he gives to his wife.

The will (dated Dec. 10, 1891), with a codicil (dated Feb. 22, 1893), of Mr. Thomas Burrows, of 20, Tapton Ville, Sheffield, ironmaster, who died on Nov. 26, was proved on March 20 by Mrs. Emily Eliza Burrows, the widow, and John Agar Hodgson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £33,000. The testator bequeaths all his household furniture and effects, £250, an annuity of £350 for life, and a further £250 per annum for life or widowhood, to his wife; he also gives her permission to live in his residence during widowhood, until sold under the trusts of his will; and £100 to his executor Mr. Hodgson. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter, Mabel Emily Burrows, but subject to an equal share going to any after-born child.

The will (dated Aug. 23, 1892) of Miss Caroline Druce, of Denmark Hill, who died on Feb. 12, was proved on March 16 by Alexander Devas Druce, the brother, and John Alexander Druce and Hubert Arthur Druce, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testatrix bequeaths £200 to St. Matthew's, Denmark Hill, Girls' School; and many legacies to brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces, godchildren, friends, executors, and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves equally to her single sisters living at her death who have never been married.

The will (dated April 7, 1881), with two codicils (dated March 4, 1884, and Oct. 9, 1891), of Major-General Edward Burgoyne Cureton, of Hillbrook House, Kearsney, near Dover, who died on Feb. 9, was proved on March 14 by Mrs. Mary Anne Cureton, the widow, and Miss Mary Cureton, the daughter, the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £15,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to his sister-in-law Fanny Hesselwood. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then for his children in equal shares, but an amount is to be paid at his death to two of his children to put them on an equality with his other two children who have already about £1000 each.

The will (dated Feb. 21, 1889), of Mr. Charles Watson Townley, Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire, of Fulbourn Manor, in the county of Cambridge, who died on

Oct. 17, was proved on March 28 by Mrs. Georgiana Townley, the widow, and the Rev. Charles Francis Townley and Maximilian Gowran Townley, the sons, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5151. The testator gives all his pictures and the two large candelabra presented to his late father to his eldest son, Charles Francis; the remainder of his plate and plated goods to his wife and eldest son; all his household furniture and effects, horses and carriages, and £500 to his wife; the farm or estate of Shardelows, near Fulbourn, subject to a mortgage thereon, to his wife, for life, and then to his eldest son, and the residue of his real estate to his eldest son. The residue of his property he leaves to his eight younger children, but they are respectively to bring into hotchpot the several moneys they will receive out of the estate of his late brother, William Gale Townley.

## NEW MUSIC.

"Seven Songs" for mezzo-soprano by Sydney Thomson, published by Novello, Ewer, and Co., are decidedly above the average, and as they are all melodious, graceful, and refined, they should meet with universal approval. The poems are Tennyson's. Violinists will be delighted with Numbers 1 and 2 of Novello's albums for pianoforte and stringed instruments (which contain respectively "Four pieces" by Dolmetsch, and "Five pieces" by Purcell,) and "Ten sketches" for violin and piano by J. B. Poznanski, which are excellent. "Five miniatures" for pianoforte, from the pen of S. B. Schlesinger, are fairly simple and extremely pretty. To more advanced pianists we recommend a sonata in E flat, No. 2, by E. A. Chamberlayne, which is musically and clever in all respects. From the same firm come also the scores of "Summer on the river," a cantata by F. H. Cowen; "The Black Knight," a cantata by Edward Elgar; "Water Lilies," a cantata by Edward Sachs; "Rock Buoy Bell," a ballad for chorus and orchestra by Alan Gray; and a "Mass in G" by C. V. Stanford. Furthermore, Messrs. Novello have just published a collection of "Madrigals" by English composers of the close of the fifteenth century, taken from MSS. in the British Museum prepared for the members of the Plainsong and Mediaeval Music Society. Lovers of this neglected form of art will welcome the interesting examples herein contained, translated, of course, into modern notation, with as close an adherence as possible to the original text.

Chappell and Co. send us an "Album of Ten Songs," by Harvey Löhr, which are all charming enough to please the most exacting amateur, and the same words apply equally well to F. Paolo Tosti's elegant little "Song of a Rose" (written by F. E. Weatherly), Francis Thomé's "Golden Hours" (written by James Strang), and Frederick Bevan's "King and Queen" (written by F. E. Weatherly).

A song entitled "Distant Voices" reaches us from Boosey and Co. It is marked by beauty of form and idea, and in every way worthy of its composer—the gifted Arthur Goring Thomas, whose tragic end not long ago caused such grief to his many admirers. "Listen to the Children," by Clifton Bingham and Frederic H. Cowen is simple yet

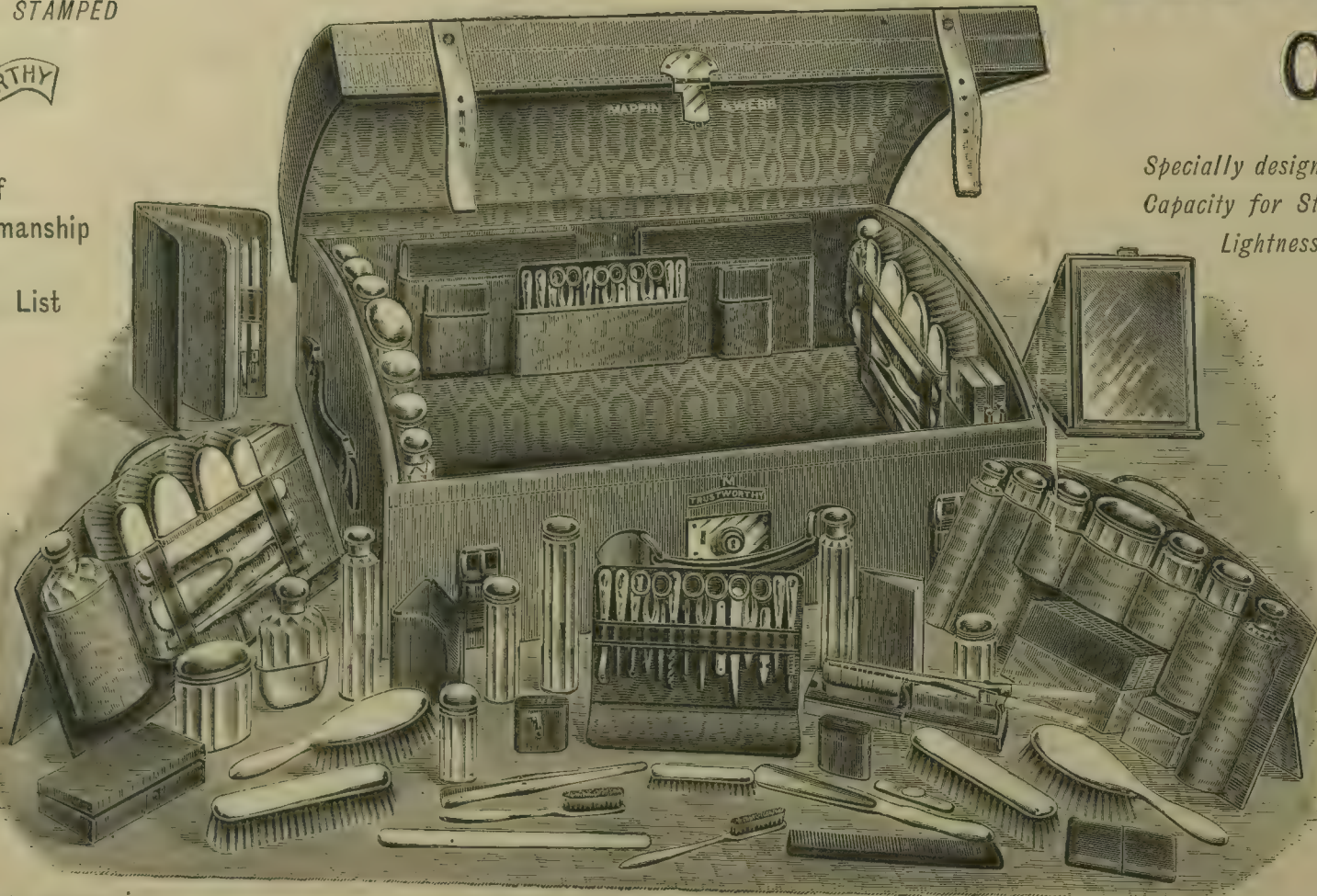
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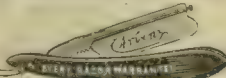
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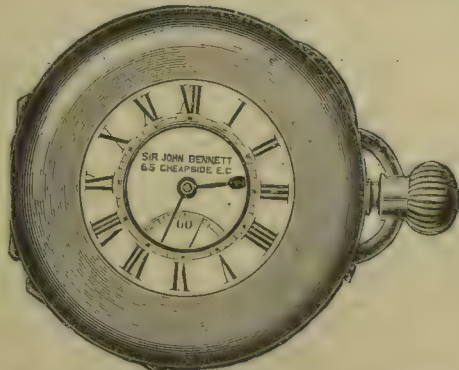
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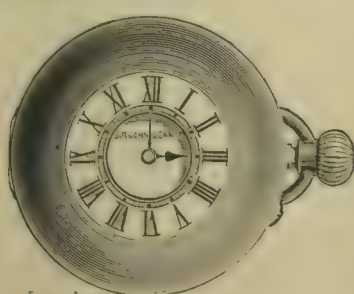


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effective, and "Songs from a Child's Garden of Verses," by R. L. Stevenson and Ethelbert Nevin, are well written and tuneful.

The charms of "Berceuse" (song) and "Angelus" (vocal duet) by the clever song-writer Mdlle. Chaminade, are now too well known to need description. Both are published by Enoch and Sons, who also send a nice song entitled "Forgotten," with a refrain by Margaret Glyde (words by Clifton Bingham), and a pretty waltz, called "Graziella," by Yvolde.

"Fifteen English Songs," by Jacques Blumenthal, come from Joseph Williams. These are intrinsically refined compositions, full of graceful melody and musicianly expression, and we have nothing but praise to offer them. The poems by Gwendolen Gore are far above the average. An "Album of Songs"—six in number—by Gwen Lewis, should be attractive to amateurs. The songs are easy, tender, and pretty. "Bo-Peep and Boy Blue" is the title of an admirable little operetta for children, by Clifton Bingham and F. Pascal.

Some acceptable songs from C. Barth and Co. include "For old sake's sake," by Farquharson Walenn; "Freedom and Love," by Kate Ralph; "Childhood," by S. J. Reilly and G. d'Havet Zuccardi; "Moonlight," by James Strang and Frank L. Moir; "Mother dearest," by Marion Haig and A. H. Behrend; and "Calm sweet hours," by Lewis Novra and G. d'Havet Zuccardi. "The Cavaliers," by Morfida, is a fairly good galop de concert for piano.

Among other pieces sent for review we notice a charming German song (with English words) by Maude Valérie White, entitled "In dem Garten" (Robert Cocks and Co.); a beautiful song entitled "Déclaration," by R. Leoncavallo, the talented composer of "Pagliacci" (E. Ascherberg and Co.); "The Florentine," a good waltz by W. H. Palmer (J. and J. Hopkinson); a pretty "Romance" for violin or 'cello and pianoforte, by Albert W. Ketelbey (A. Hammond and Co.); "The Butterfly and the Bee," a quaint ditty by Clifton Bingham and Frank L. Moir (C. Jefferys and Son); "The Sea-King's Daughter," cantata for treble voices, by Bernard and Arthur Page (Porsyth Brothers); and a valuable theoretical and practical "Method for the Clarinet," by Robert Stark (Louis Oertel and Co.).

A very singular piece of business, which may prove to be a hoax, is brought to the notice of the India Government Office by the story of a man named Jack Marshall, alias William White, formerly a soldier in the 2nd Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment, who was in the Burmese War of 1885. He has stated that he and another soldier, now dead, stole and hid away King Theebaw's gold crown, jewels, and vases, which were missing from the palace at Mandalay after the first night of its occupation by British troops. Since his discharge from the Army he has been working in Kent and Surrey as a common labourer. The matter has been taken up by an estate agent at Southampton, and by a London solicitor, who propose to Government that this man should be pardoned and sent out to Burmah, to see if he can find the treasures.

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## MUSIC.

English Opera—a term which nowadays must be taken to signify opera more foreign than English—has once again proved a favourite Eastertide amusement in the metropolis. At Drury Lane crowded houses have been attracted by each of the performances given under the managerial regis of Sir Augustus Harris; while in the far east, at the Standard Theatre, Mr. J. W. Turner's well-known opera company has been doing a fortnight's capital business with the old favourites, besides putting in a couple of appearances at the Crystal Palace with a special *pièce de résistance* in the shape of Wagner's "Flying Dutchman." The performances of "Faust" and "Carmen" at Drury Lane were both marked by features calling for brief notice. In Gounod's opera we had the curious experience of a Marguerite enacted by the lady who was down for the part of Siebel, and yet evidently quite as familiar with one rôle as with the other. Truly it was very much to Miss Pauline Joran's credit that her industry and intelligence enabled her to come so readily to the aid of the management, and at the same time acquit herself so well that she could make her audience quite forget she was a substitute. Rarely can we expect to hear the "Jewel Song" well sung by a mezzo-soprano; but then, Miss Joran is nothing if not versatile, for she, it may be remembered, is the artist who took the part of the gipsy Beppe in "L'Amico Fritz" last season, and delighted the Covent Garden audience by coming forward, fiddle in hand, and playing the difficult "improvisation" with which Beppe serenades Fritz on his birthday. The Mephistopheles, Mr. Hugh Chilvers, may be credited with a successful début, though nervousness made him constantly flap his arms as if they were wings, while probably the same cause increased the natural tremolo of his voice, and rendered his enunciation indistinct. He has a good telling *timbre* nevertheless, and may prove a useful acquisition. Another newcomer, on the operatic stage, at least, was Mr. Harrison Brockbank, a young baritone of exceptional promise, whose ability to do justice to the music of Valentine had been previously shown in the concert-room. But Mr. Brockbank was even more nervous than Mr. Chilvers, and gave his audience only the barest notion of his natural gifts as a singer. He was badly made up, too, and, by uniting his eyebrows, had contrived to impart to Marguerite's brother a most forbidding type of countenance.

In "Carmen" two nights later there occurred another unusual circumstance, and it is particularly worthy of note because we are so frequently told that such a thing as *esprit d'ensemble* does not exist on this side of the Channel. We allude to the fact that the minor characters of Frasquita, the gipsy girl, and Morales, the dragoon officer, were undertaken by Miss Pauline Joran and Mr. Hugh Chilvers, the respective Marguerite and Mephistopheles of the "Faust" performance. Would that a similar spirit were always ready to manifest itself among operatic singers of the highest rank. Mdlle. Olitzka was the Carmen. This excellent contralto was said to be playing the part for the

first time; anyhow she had not sung it in English before; and we are bound to add that neither the rôle nor the language suited her. The music of the first and second acts was too light for her, and, despite the beauty of her tone, it was impossible for the artist to lend charm to her singing when her pronunciation (especially of the word "love") was formed upon the basis of colloquial vowel sounds. In the more dramatic scenes Mdlle. Olitzka did better, her powerful acting in the episodes where Carmen and Don José are concerned earning warm recognition. Mr. Joseph O'Mara, who had not made an ideal Faust, proved fairly satisfactory as José, declaiming his music with adequate vigour, and throwing considerable fervour into his histrionic rendering of the part. The Irish tenor is rather apt to get flat when not singing out a *piena voce*, but save at these moments his intelligent phrasing and artistic style stand him in good stead. His recent visit to Italy has proved beneficial in all respects except one: he is too ready to step out of his character and come forward to acknowledge the applause of the audience. He did this very conspicuously at the end of the duet with Michaela, who, by the way, had not a very sympathetic representative in Miss Clara Dagmar. Perhaps the best all-round impersonation was the Escamillo of Mr. Richard Green. He fairly earned his encore for the "Toreador's Song," in which his pleasing voice was heard to decided advantage. Moreover, the young baritone looked his part, having thoughtfully imitated the dark complexion of a genuine bull-fighter, unlike Mr. O'Mara, who adopted the outward hue of a British Lifeguardsman rather than a Spanish soldier. The conductor, Signor Armando Seppilli, understood his business thoroughly, and held his band and chorus under admirable control. His *tempi*, however, were very erratic, some of them being calculated to make poor Bizet turn in his grave. It was the same in "Faust," only then we were inclined to attribute Signor Seppilli's undue hurry to anxiety rather than deliberate intention.

The incidental music composed by Professor Villiers Stanford for Lord Tennyson's play "Becket" was given in the form of a suite at the Crystal Palace concert on March 31. The selection included the overture, the four entr'actes, the duet "Is it the wind of the dawn," and Margery's song "Babble in bower." The vocal pieces were well sung by Madame Fanny Moody and Mr. Charles Manners, while the orchestra, conducted by the composer, did ample justice to the refined and picturesque instrumentation. Mdlle. Clotilde Kleeberg made her *reentrée* for the season, and gave a charming interpretation of Schumann's pianoforte concerto, which delightful masterpiece is somewhat in danger, we fear, of becoming hackneyed. The gifted young player also contributed some solos in her customary brilliant fashion, and met with a deservedly warm reception. Mozart's "Hafner" symphony and Beethoven's "Leonora" overture No. 2 were further included in the scheme, and both works were played to simple perfection under the masterly guidance of Mr. Manns.

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## OBITUARY.

## LORD HANNEN.

Sir James Hannen, P.C., Baron Hannen of Burdock, died at his residence in Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, on March 29. This great lawyer was son of Mr. James Hannen, a merchant of London, and was born in 1821. He was called to the Bar, Middle Temple, in 1848; was appointed a Justice of the Queen's Bench in 1868, and subsequently became President of the Court of Probate. In 1892 he was arbitrator under the Behring Sea Treaty, having been previously made a Lord of Appeal, and entitled, as such, to a seat in the House of Lords for life.

## SIR NELSON RYCROFT, BART.

Sir Nelson Rycroft, Bart., died at his residence, Kempshott Park, Basingstoke, Hants, on March 30. He was born in 1831, and succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father, Sir Richard Henry Charles Rycroft, in 1864. The great-grandfather of Sir Nelson was the Rev. Dr. Richard Nelson, Rector of Penshurst, who assumed the name of Rycroft by royal license and was created a baronet in 1784. Sir Nelson married in 1858, Juliana, eldest daughter of Sir John Ogilvy, Bart., of Inverquhar, and leaves issue. His eldest son, now Sir Richard Nelson Rycroft, was formerly a lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade. He was born in 1859, and married, in 1886, Lady Dorothea Hester Bluett Wallop, daughter of the Earl of Portsmouth.

## SIR JOHN ROGERS, BART.

Sir John Charles Rogers, Bart., died at his residence, Blachford, Devon, on March 28. The late Baronet, who was born in 1818, was second son of Sir Frederick Lemn Rogers, seventh Baronet. On the death of his eldest brother, the Right Hon. Sir Frederic Rogers, P.C., created Baron Blachford of Blachford, he succeeded to the baronetcy which was conferred in 1699 on John Rogers, an eminent merchant of Plymouth, of which borough he was a representative in Parliament. As the late Sir John was unmarried, he is succeeded in his title by his brother, now the Rev. Sir Edward Rogers, formerly Rector of Odcombe, in the county of Somerset. The present Baronet was born in 1819, and is unmarried.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir Robert Prescott Stewart, Professor of Music at Trinity College, Dublin, on March 25, at his residence, 40, Upper Fitzwilliam Street, Dublin. The late Professor was well known as the author of many musical compositions, and for his great skill as an organist. He

married, in 1846, Mary, daughter of Mr. Peter Browne, of Rahins, by whom he leaves issue.

The Most Rev. Charles Parsons Reichel, Bishop of Meath, on March 29, at Bangor. This distinguished prelate of the Irish Church, who was born in 1816, was only son of the Rev. Charles Frederick Reichel. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and became D.D. in 1858. In 1885 he was consecrated Bishop of Meath. His Lordship married, in 1851, Mary Brown, daughter of Mr. Henry Joy McCracken, of Oaklands, Ballymena, county Antrim, and leaves issue.

Dame Rebecca Anna Letitia Owens, on March 21, at Lower Baggot Street, Dublin. She was daughter of Major William Owen, 67th Foot, and wife of Sir George Bolster Owens, M.D., Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1876.

Captain the Hon. George FitzClarence, R.N., on March 24, at Moorcroft, Uxbridge. The late Captain FitzClarence, who was born in 1836, was son of the Earl of Munster, eldest illegitimate son of King William IV. He married, in 1864, Maria Henrietta, daughter of Henry, Earl of Clonmel, and leaves issue.

Susan, Viscountess Templetown, on March 25, at San Remo, Italy. The late Lady Templetown was eldest daughter of Field-Marshal Sir Alexander Woodford, G.C.B. She married, in 1850, General Viscount Templetown, G.C.B., but had no issue.

Dame Elizabeth Sarah Macpherson, on March 23, at San Remo, Italy. She was daughter of Mr. William Molson, of Montreal. In 1844 she married the Hon. Sir David Lewis Macpherson, K.C.M.G., formerly Speaker of the Senate of Canada, who survives her.

General Sir Richard John Meade, K.C.S.I., on March 20, at Hyères. He was son of Captain John Meade, R.N., of Innishannon, county Cork. The late General served during the Indian Mutiny, and was British Resident at the Court of Hyderabad from 1876 to 1881. He married, in 1853, Emily Salter, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Malcolm, British Resident at Baroda.

At the French Archæological School in Athens, on March 29, an ancient hymn to Apollo, of which both the text and the musical notation were recently discovered at Delphi, was sung by a quartet of male voices. It had been transcribed in the modern notation by M. Reinach, of Paris. The effect, though strange, is exceedingly pleasing. At the request of the King and Queen, who were present, the performance was repeated.

The three engineers, a British, a French, and an Italian member of that profession, commissioned by the Egyptian Government to examine the project of a Nile irrigation reservoir and dam across the river at Assouan, seem not to be of one opinion. Sir Benjamin Baker and Signor Torricelli propose to lift the Philæ temple ruins above the intended new water-level, which M. Boule does not think practicable. They agree, however, in rejecting the alternative scheme of a reservoir in the Wady Ryan, near the Fayoum.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Canon Carter, of Truro, and the Rev. Arthur W. Robinson, of All Hallows, Barking, have left England to conduct missions in Tasmania, Adelaide, Melbourne, and Christchurch. They go at the invitation of the Bishops of these dioceses, and expect to be absent eight or nine months.

The Bishop of Lichfield has been presented with a cope of red stamped velvet richly embroidered with gold, by the churchmen of his diocese. The Bishop, in replying, said that the cope was worn by some at least of the early Christians, and that in wearing it he would do nothing illegal; but, on the contrary, would conform more strictly to the law.

Great satisfaction is expressed at the election of Archdeacon Green, of Ballarat, to the bishopric of Grafton and Armidale. Archdeacon Green, who has been only fourteen years in orders, is a graduate of both Melbourne and Sydney Universities. This is the first instance of the advance to an episcopate of one educated in the Colonies. The bishopric of Waiapu is vacant by the resignation of Bishop Stuart, and the island of Melanesia has been without a bishop for virtually three years.

The Church Army will be much strengthened by the accession of the Bishop of Lincoln as one of the patrons.

The veteran missionary to the New Hebrides, Dr. John G. Paton, has attracted large and enthusiastic meetings throughout the country, and has received liberal contributions for his mission. But it is pointed out that the population in these islands is steadily diminishing, and that in half a century the natives may possibly have ceased to exist.

The scheme for appointing Methodist bishops, favoured by Dr. Rigg and Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, is likely to be dropped. It has been received with marked disfavour throughout the connection.

The Disestablishment controversy is being carried on in Scotland with the utmost keenness. Some dissatisfaction is expressed by Nonconformists at Mr. Asquith taking Lord Rosebery's view that a State Church is, under certain circumstances, defensible; but it is the practical rather than the theoretical view of the question that mainly interests people.

The spring announcements of theological works are, perhaps, less interesting than usual, very few notable books having been announced. There will be several volumes of sermons, however, and possibly another of Dr. Hort's posthumous works.

A funeral service took place in Christ's College Chapel, Cambridge, on April 2, previous to the removal of Professor Robertson Smith's body for interment at Keig, Aberdeenshire. In the congregation were nearly one hundred members of the Senate, and Mr. Bryce absented himself from the Cabinet Council in order to be present. The senior member for the University, Professor Jebb, came from London specially to attend the service. V.

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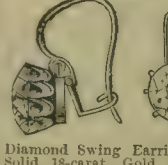
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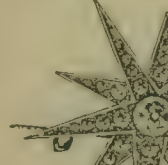
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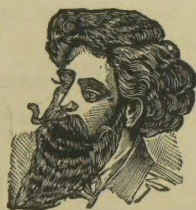
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## EARLY EDITIONS.

The appearance of Mr. J. H. Slater's "bibliographical survey of the works of some popular modern authors," under the above title (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), is distinctly opportune, for the rage for first editions is unquestionably at a very high pitch just now. Whether this exceedingly pleasant, and in many ways excusable, hobby will continue to gather force as time goes on, we will not venture to prophesy. Our grandfathers collected the Latin and Greek classics, which, we fear, many of them could not read if they would; our contemporary book-collectors gather books which they dare not read, because the slightest stain or suspicion of thumb-marks materially affect their commercial value when the inevitable sale occurs. But the collecting of early editions, particularly of modern authors, is a pastime which involves the expenditure of much time and money: the manufacture of "first editions" is not unknown, and the too-confiding collector sometimes pays "through the nose" for a rarity which is a fraud. One's friends do not always thank one too heartily for pointing out these little idiosyncrasies. In regard to Mr. Slater's book, the young collector will find it exceedingly useful. It has been compiled with considerable care, nearly every item catalogued having been examined at first hand by the author. We here find extensive bibliographical details of such prolific writers as Charles Dickens, the Brownings, Thackeray, Swinburne, Tennyson; and the book is sufficiently up-to-date to include very modern writers, such as Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Gosse, and Mr. George Meredith. To each item there is appended an approximation of its present commercial value, which will be found very helpful to book-buyers, but which, it should be remembered, is only approximate, for the prices fluctuate from season to season and even from month to month, condition being the chief factor in the movement. It should also be remembered that the despised of yesterday is the cherished of to-day, and vice versa.

Take, as an illustration of the last theory, the first editions of Sir Walter Scott: for about three-quarters of a century the earliest impressions of this prolific author have been the despised of book-collectors, and not so long ago complete sets in the original boards might have been had at the price of waste-paper. To-day, several of the "Wizard's" first editions sell at very high figures, and a complete set of his novels is now worth at least £30 or £40, if in the original boards and in good condition. It is in regard to Scott that Mr. Slater's book is most defective, inasmuch as it ignores the author of "Waverley" entirely.

It is no exaggeration to say that of all the modern authors on whose first editions there is just now the greatest run, Scott comes first. The craze in this respect is very widespread, and it is likely to increase rather than diminish. This defect in Mr. Slater's book is therefore all the more serious and unaccountable, for no one is better acquainted with the vagaries of book-fancies than he. In the case of Mr. Thomas Hardy's first editions, Mr. Slater is also silent. "Far from the Madding Crowd" in the original three volumes is an exceedingly rare book, and there are many collectors who would gladly exchange a five-pound note in return for a clean copy. We could readily have dispensed with the entries of several rubbishy pamphlets for a page or two concerning an unquestionably great work such as "Far from the Madding Crowd." That perfectly clean copies of certain three-volume novels published during the past fifteen or twenty years should be scarce, and even very rare, is not surprising, as these editions are destined for the circulating libraries, whose subscribers are not, as a rule, distinguished for the tender mercies they extend to borrowed books. The irritating fact is that we do not wake up to the value of this species of first editions until clean copies are almost past praying for.

The first editions of Dickens and Thackeray still command fancy prices when in good condition, but there are many traps for the unsuspecting buyer, as is proved by the numerous details of "perfected" and "made-up" copies described by Mr. Slater. The rage, however, for Dickens, Thackeray, and Lever is much less keen than it was a few years ago, and unless the copies possess some extraneous attribute they excite no interest. They are not rare, these first editions of the above-mentioned trio of great novelists, but they are for the most part books which will have a fascination to collectors for all time. To the collector of these, and, indeed, so far as its subject-matter goes, Mr. Slater's "Early Editions" will be found an invaluable text-book. The only regret is that it does not go further.

The Keeper of the Print Room of the British Museum has given further proof of his desire to popularise, in the best sense of the word, the treasures placed within his reach. To Mr. Colvin's tact, as much as to Mr. Malcolm (of Poltalloch) we are indebted for the admirable collection of drawings and prints now on view in the "White" gallery of the Museum. The systematic arrangement of the Malcolm collection, supplemented by drawings already in the possession of the trustees, enables the student to follow the progress of drawing, as distinct from painting—through three centuries. Beginning with Fra Angelico, we can

trace the growing importance attached by the artists of all schools to the need of careful draughtsmanship and composition. Over and over again in these studies—done with pen or pencil—one meets with figures or groups which recall finished pictures by the same artists; and it is interesting to notice how, as the decadence of Italian art was setting in, the painters of the day, like Carlo Dolci and his contemporaries, seem to have abandoned pencil sketches for "washes" in sepia, India ink, or water colours. The majority of the drawings belong to the Italian schools, which are carefully separated, so that the special characteristics of each may be seized and their tendency followed. Among these the Milanese and Umbrian schools stand out pre-eminent for their beauty of line, but the coloured set of saints ascribed to the school of Vicenza, and an equally interesting set of Sibyls assigned to the school of Ferrara, cannot help attracting attention by their originality and naive expression. The French schools are best represented by Janet (Clouet), Dumoustier, Nanteuil, and Watteau; and the German by Albrecht Dürer and Holbein. It would seem from the arrangement made by Mr. Colvin that he holds to the opinion that drawings for pictures or as independent works were introduced into Flanders from Italy, and the arguments which he shows certainly support that theory.

Changes have been made in the uniform and marching kit of the German infantry soldiers, reducing the weight carried to the extent of 13 lb. or 14 lb., the knapsack and cartridge-pouch being lightened; the carriage of entrenching tools is also diminished, and there is to be a lighter bayonet and thinner boots.

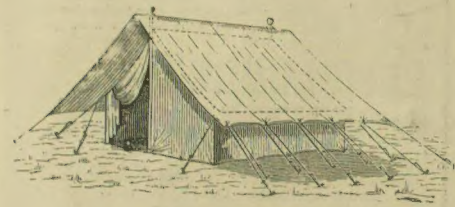
On March 28 there was a collision in the Bristol Channel between the steamer Yesso, bound from Bristol to Baltimore, in ballast, and a schooner, the Lizzie R. Wilce, from Hayle to Bristol. The steamer sank in five minutes, and three of her crew were drowned.

There were some very riotous scenes in Cork on the resumption by the Open-Air Evangelist Mission of their services in the city. Some of the missionaries were severely beaten by a violent mob, who were at last dispersed by a body of mounted police.

A few days ago the Mayor of Eastbourne, together with other members of the Corporation, visited Boulogne to present gold and silver medals, an illuminated address, and a money testimonial to the crew of a Boulogne fishing-boat, who, in the great gale of last November, rescued the crew of an Eastbourne smack. The proceedings took place in the Boulogne Townhall.

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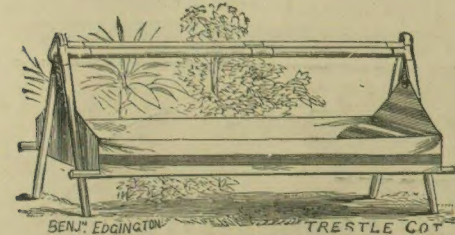


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## DEATH.

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defer any change of programme, but the season must positively  
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## M O N T E C A R L O .

### THE SEASON.

The winter season on the Riviera is rendered much more enjoyable by the facilities of access to Monaco and Monte Carlo, with the multitude of quick trains on the double line of railway between Nice and Mentone, enabling parties to return, after a performance at a theatre or a concert, or in the evening after dinner, to any of the towns on the coast where visitors are accustomed to sojourn.

The Monte Carlo Theatre, under the able director, M. Raoul Gunsbourg, opened this season with "Niniche," in which Judic achieved a success equal to that of her best days, assisted by a company all of whom gained their share of applause; the aristocratic and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo from Nice and Cannes, and from Mentone; among those present were the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia and the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg.

The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La Fille de Madame Angot," performed by Mesdames Montbazon and Gilberte, Messrs. David and Paul Bert; "Mon Prince," by Audran; and "Ruy Blas," with Mounet-Sully, on Jan. 9. The director had secured the first representation, out of Paris, of "Mon Prince," which in the capital had achieved so great a success.

The further programme announced, from March 10 to April 1, two representations every week in the following order: "Samson et Dalila," by Saint-Saëns, with Madame Deschamps-Jehin, Salza and Fabre; "La Sonnambula," Madame Marcella Sembrich, Messrs. Queyria and Boudouresque, fils; "Amy Robsart," by Isidore de Lara, with Madame Sembrich and Messrs. Melchisedec and Queyria; "Rigoletto," "La Fille du Régiment," and on April 17, to close, "Les Dragons de Villars," performed by Mlle. Elven, M. Queyria, and M. Boudouresque, fils.

In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at the Theatre was accompanied by other interesting proceedings at Monte Carlo.

There are the Conférences to be held by M. Francisque Sarcey. Twice a week, Thursday and Sunday, there are the Classical and International Concerts, under the competent direction of M. Arthur Steck.

Every day will have its artistic performance and attraction.

The International Fine Arts Exhibition, opened from Jan. 16, is superior to those of past years, in the choice and value of the works collected, paintings by great masters, and in the arrangements made by the efforts of the distinguished president, M. Georges de Dramard.

Her Serene Highness Princess Alice has accepted the honorary presidency of the committee of patrons and patronesses. Among the names are Messrs. Bonnat, Jérôme, Jules Lefebvre, Detaille, and Barrias, of the Institut; Bartholdi, Burne-Jones, Carolus Duran, Edelfelt, Sir Frederick Leighton, De Madrazo, Paolo Michetti, Munkacsy, and Alfred Stevens. The managing committee, with M. de Dramard, have been able to collect examples of the most esteemed French and foreign artists.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

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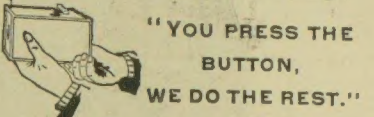
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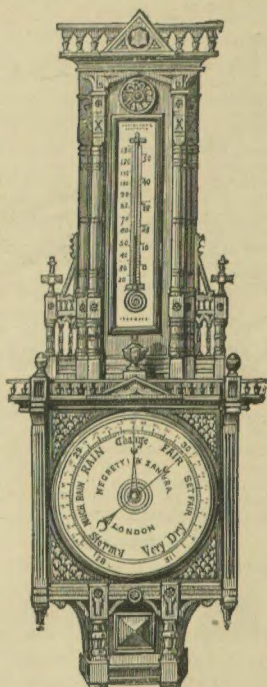
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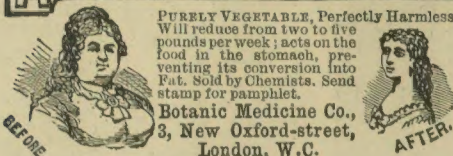
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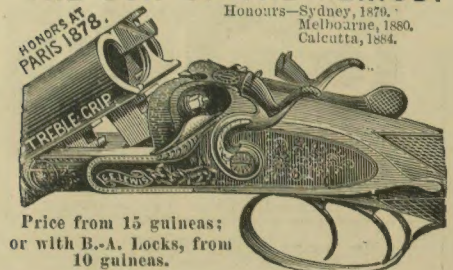
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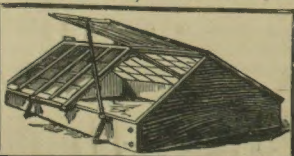


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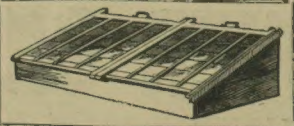
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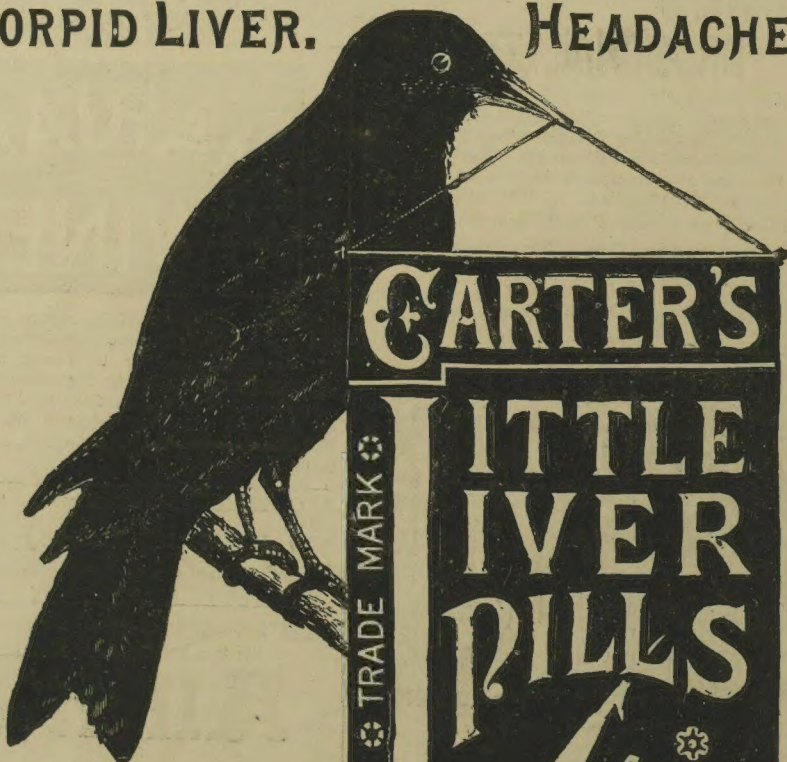
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